HARPER'S WEEKLY.
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THE NORTH THE MONEY, AND THE SOUTH THE HONOR.—Ben Hill.

Solid South to Solid North. "You are but Trades-people, after all."

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1879.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *our readers will receive gratuitously the first Number of* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE, *an illustrated weekly journal for boys and girls.*

The second issue of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE *will be sent out gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A brilliant serial story, by GEORGE MACDONALD, *with illustrations by* FREDERICKS, *will shortly be begun in* HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE RESULT IN NEW YORK.

THE result in New York will be known when this paper is issued. As we write, the probabilities are plainly in favor of Republican success. The KELLY bolt has made a deep and wide breach in the Democratic party, and the happy result in Ohio has shown a Republican awakening, produced by the Democratic follies of the extra session, which can hardly fail to be felt in New York. The Republican canvass here has been conducted solely upon the Southern question, and with reference to the Presidential election of next year, and complete success will mean that New York, like Ohio, is taken out of the list of doubtful States in 1880. If the Republicans should succeed by a plurality only, the result next year would still remain doubtful, but a clear Republican majority over both the Democratic candidates would not only place New York among the Republican States next year, but it should put an end to the un-American and mischievous talk about a "strong man," which has fired so much of the eloquence of the campaign. Have we really reached a condition in which the party of the intelligence, patriotism, and industry of the country, victorious in the field and successful at the polls, must betake itself to the overthrow of the Constitution to maintain the rights and liberties of American citizens? This is the only meaning of the demand of a "strong man." In the sense in which the phrase is used there is no place for him in our popular system of government. A "strong man" in the current phrase means a soldier. But our government is civil, not military. A military President can do nothing except in strict obedience to law, and to demand a soldier for the Presidency because he is a soldier, is to doubt and discredit the American principle and the American government. It is possible that General GRANT, to whom all this kind of talk points, may be the real choice of the Republican party for the Presidency. But if it should select him because he is, in the common phrase, a "strong man," and not because he is resolutely obedient to law, it would betray its own principles and traditions. For any possible exigency that can arise, Mr. SHERMAN, or Mr. BLAINE, or Mr. WASHBURNE, or any other civilian, would be just as "strong" a man as General GRANT. Happily he has never shown any disposition to play the "strong man's" part, and it is a national disgrace that eminent Republican leaders should have broadly hinted a *rôle* suited to an Asiatic prince or a Norman barbarian, but not to an American President.

The interest conspicuously shown by the two chief Secretaries of the Administration in the New York election was supposed to be due to their earnest desire for Republican success, and their willingness to forget all other considerations. Such a desire, however, does not seem to us to explain the method which they took to show it. Their probable reasoning was evident enough, so far as administrative reform is concerned, and it was very simple. The sole hope of such reform, they doubtless argued, lies in the Republican party. Complete Republican success in New York is indispensable to Republican national dominance, and therefore everything must be subordinated to that result. This we presume to be in brief the reasoning which persuaded the two leading members of a reform cabinet urgently to support a candidacy which was in itself a deliberate, designed, open, perfectly well understood act of contemptuous hostility to reform. It still remains a question how, if the hope of reform lies in the Republican party, reform is to be advanced under a party management which detests and despises it. Undoubtedly there are other and very important ends to be attained by Republican success besides administrative reform. No journal, we think, has pointed out more plainly than *Harper's Weekly* the apparent Democratic purpose to suppress the colored vote in certain districts of the Southern States, or has more steadily advocated that sound system of finance which the elections of this year show to be approved by the country. But the remedies of the Southern situation are obviously not wholly political, and it is evident that the inflationists as a party have been totally routed and dispersed. While, therefore, other questions were to be and are to be strenuously pressed upon public attention, is it wise for Republicans or for the Republican party to abandon with contempt, as it has been abandoned in New York, the question which involves the principle of popular government itself? This was an inquiry which possibly might have been considered worthy of attention by members of a reform Administration, the chief of which had declared that question to be of paramount importance.

With complete Republican success in New York, Mr. TILDEN would become politically extinct. During the canvass he has been singularly silent. He is a very able politician, and it was consequently supposed that his silence meant only more positive secret activity. It was part of the "sixes and sevens" of the campaign that while the leading Democratic journal in the city of New York strongly opposed the KELLY bolt, it was equally strongly hostile to Mr. TILDEN'S aspirations, the destruction of which was the object of the bolt. There is no doubt that Governor ROBINSON'S supposed identification with Mr. TILDEN'S candidacy next year was a serious injury to his canvass even among the "regular" Democrats, because of Mr. TILDEN'S extreme unpopularity among many of his former warm supporters. He was strong in 1876 solely as a "reform" candidate. But in 1880 the word "reform" associated with his name would be a universal joke. It was unnecessary to vote against Governor ROBINSON in order to prevent the candidacy of Mr. TILDEN, for he is undoubtedly the weakest Democratic nomination now possible. The only argument for his nomination was that he could carry New York. But events before the election proved conclusively that any other Democrat could carry New York more easily. If, therefore, as we suppose, it shall appear when this paper is issued, that the Republicans have carried New York, the Democrat who is sure not to be the Presidential candidate of his party next year is Mr. TILDEN. Should our anticipation of the result be correct, it is not improbable that the extent of the Republican protest against the candidacy of Mr. CORNELL will not readily appear in the figures of the returns. The object of the KELLY bolt, as Mr. KELLY himself declared at the outset, was not his election, but the defeat of Governor ROBINSON. That was the indispensable point, and to make sure of it, there will have been a great many Democratic votes cast directly for Mr. CORNELL and the Republican ticket. This may even put Mr. CORNELL ahead of his ticket, and of course it will be deceptive as to Republican support. But the general result, as we expect it to be, will show Republican success in the Presidential election to be so probable for any fitting candidate that the great Republican object should now be to turn that probability to the promotion of those policies and measures which the progressive sentiment of the party demands, however it may yield to what it considers a present necessity. When Mr. EVARTS three or four years ago presided at the dinner to Mr. SCHURZ in the city of New York, at the time that Mr. SCHURZ was under "regular" Republican censure, Mr. EVARTS, in expressing his sympathy with the position of Mr. SCHURZ, deplored a party management which made an election race an alternative between a horse lame in two legs and another lame in three. The result in New York, if we rightly anticipate it, shows that such an alternative is not necessary in the race of next year. If, however, contrary to general expectation, the result in New York should show a Democratic victory, it would suggest observations which we prefer to defer until next week.

WANTED, AN INDIAN POLICY.

"Two years ago the Ute chiefs......were in my office. It was December. From July of that year they had had *no* issue whatever of government food. At that very hour 200,000 pounds of bacon and flour, furnished and paid for by the government, was lying in the railroad station at Rawlins (I have the railroad superintendent's positive statement), but could not be delivered to them, because the contractor had declined to pay the freight, and absconded, or otherwise disappeared. The Indians were living on a little game, prairie-dogs, rabbits, and rattlesnakes. Winter was on them, and they were nearly starving. I laid this case before General SHERIDAN, and he gave them soldiers' rations for a time. *This* is what I say is forever occurring under civil agents and contractors and sub-contractors. When any *one* of the rascally gang ceases to make his 'sou in the franc,' the whole machine stops, and then in time, certain and sure, comes an Indian outbreak and massacre. Two things are certain: first, the murderous economy of our Congress exposes small bodies of troops where treble the force *should* be sent, and *would* be sent were not the army on the frontier a mere skeleton; second, these outbreaks will recur at intervals so long as a thieving civil agent represents the authority of the government. An entire transfer to the War Department is the only method by which these Indian tribes of the plains and mountains can be *honestly* fed, as the government intends they shall be, and at the same time forcibly controlled, as every month shows us by some bloody illustration that they must be."

This is from a private letter of a leading citizen of Wyoming, a man of singular intelligence and sagacity, whose testimony is of the most valuable kind. Indeed, it is the opinions of such men that should in a great degree determine the true policy to be pursued with the Indians. They have an intimate knowledge of the Indians, and of the circumstances and conditions of frontier life, which in this part of the country we can obtain only from them, and we must depend largely upon their judgment. The Indian question is especially a practical question, and it is one with which very few men in the country, and especially in Congress, are fitted to deal. The desirable thing is a report by really competent men, such as Bishop WHIPPLE and General CROOK and the writer of this letter, who should take up the whole subject, and recommend a comprehensive policy based upon intelligent experience. This Administration might be trusted to name such a commission solely in the public interest.

It is in no sense a party or political question, and no party capital, in the usual sense, could be made out of it. It is painful, therefore, to consider the kind of treatment which such a report and recommendation would probably receive in Congress. During the next session there will be, of course, little but President-making legislation. But authority might be given for the work. It is surely time. Our Indian question, despite the ability and energy of the Secretary of the Interior, who can only execute laws, not enact them, is gradually becoming a national reproach. There are, however, men who are sincerely interested in this great question, and amply able to treat it. Nor is there any good reason that the country should not have the advantage of their services.

NEXT YEAR.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, alluding to the vigorous exposition of the national Democratic purpose recently made by that sagacious and powerful journal, adds that the necessity of an unquestionable Republican majority next year is more evident, because if the Democracy gain the Presidency by rejecting the vote of Republican States, they will also take possession of the next Congress by rejecting Republican Representatives. The Republicans, therefore, in his judgment, must carry the election of next year with such a majority as will awe the Democratic leaders. The correspondent, who is evidently both earnest and shrewd, concludes that "one thing is clear: we must nominate for President that man who will most likely harmonize all the Republican elements." The *Commercial* says that the Democrats who now control both Houses of the Congress which will count the electoral vote, mean to count in the Democratic candidate irrespective of the popular vote, and "that the chance of national salvation is to win the next House." There is no doubt of a strong feeling upon the part of some Democrats that their party was counted out in 1877, and that it ought therefore to be counted in in 1880. There is no need of exposing the extreme folly as well as peril of such a position. The result in 1877 was a perfectly legal and most fortunate avoidance of a great national calamity, and to regard it as a trick or an intrigue is not only to disregard the fact, but to invite anarchy.

The suggestion of the correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* is both timely and wise. The true way to make any illicit proceedings in regard to the counting of the vote improbable and dangerous is to unite the Northern States in the Republican ranks, and the way to accomplish this result, as the correspondent says, is to seek harmony, not by what may be called the brute force of a majority obtained by any means, but by wise consideration of the character of the Republican party. It is a party which comprises a very large part of the patriotic intelligence and industry of the country. Its majorities are largely due to independent men upon whom all party ties rest very lightly, and who can not be controlled by an attempted discipline, at which they laugh. These men, always a minority, give the majority to one side or the other, and their views and position at any particular time are always worthy the attentive consideration of party managers. It is not the party followers, who are sure to vote for anything and for any candidate that may be presented, but those who are not sure to do so, who should be closely regarded. We often speak of the Republican and Democratic parties as if the whole population were included within these lines. But how inaccurate this view is can be seen at once in such facts as the comparative elections of 1872 and 1874 in New York. In the first-named year the Republican party carried the State by fifty thousand majority; in the last-named, the Democratic party carried it by about the same majority. There was the same striking difference in the popular Presidential vote in the years 1872 and 1876. It shows that the country is not rigidly separated into two parties in the manner usually assumed, but that there is a vote, large enough to be controlling, which is fluctuating or irregular. Indeed, if this were not so, it would be almost impossible to dislodge a party when it was once in power.

Wise party management, therefore, requires constant consideration of this fact. The way to unite the sentiment of the Northern States so as to present a front which will deter any conspirators who may mean to play tricks with the electoral vote, is not to see what candidate can possibly carry a majority of the Convention, but what kind of candidate is most likely to secure the warm support, not only of those who would support any Republican candidate, but of those who would not support any candidate merely because he was a Republican candidate. In politics it is principles, not men, that should be regarded; but it is men who represent principles, and fidelity to principles will often compel honest men to reject candidates. The editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial* has repeated in an interview the opinions which his journal has expressed. He thinks that the present Democratic Congress intends to count out the Republican Presidential candidate even if elected, and to do it under the forms of law, and that Republicans must make sure of the next House of Representatives. Assuming this to be the situation, nothing is plainer than that the true Republican policy is to promote such nominations in the district and national Conventions next year as will command the support, not reluctantly and as a choice of evils, but earnestly and cordially, of all voters who prefer to see the national government in the hands of the party which is by tradition the party of liberty, equal rights, and Union. It is not too early to think of these things. The elections of this year will have great influence upon the action of next year. It would be a serious mistake for the Republican press to make the party as small rather than as large as possible. The party is not an army, in which every man can be told off and held under penalty to strict allegiance. It is a voluntary association, which can be immensely increased and led to victory by foresight and good sense.

SENATOR HILL'S LETTER.

THE most important Democratic contribution to the late campaign in New York was the letter of Senator HILL, of Georgia, to Mr. CHITTENDEN, of Brooklyn. It was intended, of course, to be read at home in Georgia as well as in New York and other Northern States, and it may be taken to be a fair statement of the ruling sentiment of the political class in the Southern States. It argues some questions which have been settled forever, and whose renewal can do no good in any way. It is undoubtedly true, as Mr. HILL says, that trade in the Northern States profited by slavery in the Southern States, and it is equally true that some extreme Federalists in 1812 and 1814 held views in regard to State power and authority which were not unlike those afterward advocated by Mr. CALHOUN. But it is equally true that it was not the New England Federalists who drew up the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions of 1798, and that whatever the Federalist views of State power may have been, they never attempted to dissolve the Union. Such recrimination can hardly be of mutual service now, and it does not strengthen Senator HILL'S letter.

He proceeds to say that the fear of Southern domination is unworthy the manhood and the intelligence of the Republican party, because "the South is and must remain the weaker section." But Senator HILL is surely aware that that fact is well known, and that the ground of the feeling to which he alludes is the conviction that the weaker section deliberately proposes to suppress part of its vote so that it may illicitly ob-

tain control of the national government. If the entire vote of "the South," or of the Southern States, were as safe from interference, or perversion, or coercion, as that of the Northern States, there would be no fear of Southern dominance. But a stout ship's crew may justly fear even a determined boy with an auger. When Mr. Hill and Mr. Lamar and their friends are as frank and plain-spoken with Democrats at home as they are with Republicans in New York, there will be no Southern question, and no "fear" of any kind. Mr. Hill's concessions, however, are manly and honorable. He says:

> "The Southern people abandon, and abandon forever, both secession and slavery. They admit that superior physical force has settled what argument was unable to settle; they accept in good faith the constitutional amendments; they desire to exercise only their proportion of power under the Constitution and laws; they neither desire, nor will they allow if they can prevent it, any more civil or sectional wars. This they abundantly proved to all fair-minded men in the Presidential count. They will not under any circumstances 'starve' the government, nor seek any control over the North. But they intend to preserve their self-respect, and to deserve the respect of all brave and honorable men everywhere and for all time, and this they can not do by confessing themselves to be criminals, as the Republican party has demanded, and still demands."

Where and when and how has the Republican party demanded that citizens of the Southern States shall own themselves to have been criminals because of the war? Doubtless the Republican party felt it to be a crime, and denounced it as such, but it has never required that any citizen concerned in it shall confess himself to be a criminal. The iron-clad oath itself, and any oath or proceeding preliminary to amnesty, made no such requisition. Or does Mr. Hill mean that no ex-Confederate can act with the Republican party, which has pronounced the rebellion a crime? But the war ended fifteen years ago. The Republican party in this part of the country, at least, is in the best sense a truly American party, and asks of Mr. Hill and his friends not that they should confess that they were criminals, but only that they will honestly maintain and protect the equal rights under the Constitution and the laws which they declare that they honestly respect. If they will not do this, if wanton and cruel political crimes are committed which necessarily paralyze a large vote adverse to Mr. Hill and his party, and they quietly acquiesce, it is not a question whether they were criminals during the war, but whether they are good citizens now. To point out this and to insist upon it is not, as Mr. Hill asserts, teaching "the North to hate the South." It is recalling Mr. Hill and his political friends to the fact that the people of other States in the Union can not be indifferent to crimes and courses which defeat the honest will of the country by preventing its free expression. If he should reply that we have no right to hold a whole community or section responsible for the offenses of individuals, we invite him to show any earnest and effective Democratic censure and opposition to such crimes, or any adequate punishment of them by local authorities. Is it wrong to hold the community responsible for the murder of the Chisolms? Is it wrong, with the facts and the figures of the elections of the last three or four years before us, to assert that the Republican vote in Yazoo County, Mississippi, is suppressed by violence? What kind of answer is it to say that Yankee merchants used to fatten on slave-grown sugar, and that the Hartford Convention believed in secession? Do Mr. Hill and his friends profit by bulldozing, and believe in it? and if not, what have he and his party, who insist upon local redress, done to prevent it? That is the question. Mr. Hill will find that the most earnest Republicans freely acquit him of crime, in the ordinary sense, for honestly thinking it his duty to "go with his State," but they are very anxious to know how he acquits himself of virtual complicity in those offenses which, and which alone, foster the sectional hostility that he deplores.

LIBELS AND LICENSE.

The severe sentence of Adolphus Rosenberg in London for the libels upon Mrs. Langtry and Mrs. West will have an excellent effect upon that outrageous abuse of the freedom of the press in which a certain class of English papers have recently indulged. A swarm of such papers has suddenly appeared in London, with no apparent purpose but to supply scandal. In his late address upon the press, to which we have heretofore alluded, Mr. Whitelaw Reid says that every editor is aware of this appetite of the public, and the panderers to it sometimes accumulate a great deal of money. In London they have not hesitated to transcend all bounds, and it is not surprising that the magistrate, in passing sentence, regretted that he could not add hard labor to imprisonment.

"Professional beauties" are, indeed, tempting objects for scandalous comment; and it is a misfortune that there is no Thackeray or Juvenal to describe the French fair of the last summer in London, where Mademoiselle Bernhardt, and the ladies who were libelled, and others of the same kind, were the most conspicuous figures. One of the stories of the scene is suggestive in its way of the old Roman spectators in Couture's picture of the "Decadence of Rome." A gentleman asked one of the professional beauties for a cup of tea. "One shilling," she replied, gayly, and sipped it: "now it is a guinea," she added. The buyer paid the guinea; and leaving the tea on the table, said, quietly, "Please give me a clean cup."

Both the kind of society in which the "professional beauty" appears, and the kind of abuse of the press which the libels illustrate, are happily unknown with us. There are, indeed, disreputable papers in this country, but they are of another sort. Our worst and most familiar abuse of the great right of unlicensed printing is in the invention and propagation of electioneering slanders. Dickens's extravaganzas of party newspapers are hardly caricatures in the days that precede important elections. Mr. Jefferson Brick and the Honorable Elijah Pogram are familiar figures, and it is a pity that so much political zeal is Pickwickian. The law, of course, as we now see in the case of the London libels, is useful in preventing liberty from sliding into license. But the permanent and sure restraint is in the self-respect of editors.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

This week the Harpers begin the publication of an illustrated weekly paper for the young people, which they intend to make a fascinating and entertaining and instructive miscellany for boys and girls, carefully adapted to their tastes as children, yet perfectly manly and healthy in tone. The modern facilities of printing and publication have made possible a very bad kind of literature for young people, of which the "dime novel" is a type—stories in which crime is depicted as heroic, and criminals as heroes, and which distill an insidious poison of immorality into fresh and candid minds. There has been general and emphatic complaint of this tendency, and while there are, of course, excellent publications for children, there is evidently room for a paper of convenient form and universal attractiveness, which, coming every week, will be perpetually fresh and charming.

The *Young People* will contain stories of every innocent kind, narratives of adventure and exploration, chapters of the personal experience of old boys, a bright and amusing variety of information peculiarly acceptable to youthful tastes—all collected, arranged, illustrated, and presented with the ample resources of a great and experienced publishing house. The price for the year will be but one dollar and a half. It would be hard to find as much value of the kind for the same sum; and as the season of gifts is at hand, there could be no better present for young folks to make to each other than a subscription to the *Young People*.

"Aunt Mary preaches a pile," wrote a young gentleman to his mother, who had intrusted him for a while to her sister's care. But the *Young People* does not propose to preach in any obnoxious sense. Its preaching will be only that of wholesome entertainment, and of sound principles enforced by illustration, not by exhortation. It will aim to be a friend to whom "the young person" will willingly accord his confidence, and it will hope that it may receive the same kind favor of the public which has been shown to the older "Harper periodicals."

A GOOD HOBBY.

The *Herald* has been sending out new expeditions, not less useful, certainly, than those for which it is already famous, which crossed Africa and seek to reach the pole. It has been investigating the charity system of the State, and graphically exposing the monstrous wrongs which grow and spread because nobody knows and few care to know about them. The evils of any system of public charity are necessarily great. But when the management is largely political, when incompetent or drunken or brutal nurses or overseers or managers of any kind or degree are retained by political—which means in such cases the merest mercenary—interest, the consequences are frightful. The only comfort is that, bad as it may be, it was worse formerly. Our county jails are often schools of crime, but the English jails that aroused John Howard to his work a hundred years ago were a great deal worse. Our almshouses are often blots and shames upon our civilization, but the widely circulating newspaper which turns them inside out before the public eye is an avenger which has been hitherto unknown.

The newspaper has a power in this service which private persons have not. Outrage, fraud, malfeasance, crime of every kind, fear nothing so much as publicity. Light is found to be the best protection against thieves, and the faint spark of the gas-burner defends the great warehouse more surely than bolts and bars. In many counties of this State, as of all States, there is a poor-house ring engaged in petty peculations and profitable jobs, stealing a certain part of the money raised by taxes. The poor offices are often sought for the purpose of illicit gain. The proper emoluments are small, but the pickings and thieving chances are many. Abuses are made easier because nobody goes to the county poor-house, or knows anything or cares anything about it. Poverty and pauperism, and jails and prisoners, are generally revolting to the multitude of people. They pay their poor-tax, and are glad to be quit of the whole matter.

The reports of the State Board of Charities are full of information, and the noble work of the Board is admirably done. But it is too true that the reports are seldom read by any large number of persons. The exposures of the *Herald*, however, are widely read as news, and they enlighten the public mind upon a subject which demands general attention and wise action. The *Herald* reports of the last year upon the public charities of the State might well show some legislator that here is a field worthy of his utmost attention. An intelligent and energetic man might make charity reform his "hobby" with the greatest advantage to the State and to humanity. We echo the question of the *Herald*, "Where is the young Assemblyman who is prepared for this work, and to the brilliant future to which it may lead?"

ANDRÉ AND ARNOLD.

It is a singular coincidence that Mr. Field's monument to Major André should have been erected at the same time that the Hon. Isaac N. Arnold, the president of the Chicago Historical Society, read before the New York Society a paper upon General Arnold's military character. The author of the paper, although of the same name, is not, we believe, of the same family line as the General; and his paper was not intended to "rehabilitate" Benedict Arnold, nor to palliate his crime—a purpose which was most carefully disavowed—but to show that, notwithstanding the treason, he was one of the bravest and ablest soldiers of the Revolution.

We are glad that Mr. Arnold has prepared a life of General Arnold with new material obtained from the family. Any fresh contribution of facts to our store of Revolutionary knowledge will be welcome, but we can hardly imagine any new information which would eventually change the general estimate of Arnold. There is no doubt that he was a bold leader; and his conduct at the battle of Saratoga was dashing and heroic in the highest degree, and completed the defeat of the British upon the field. Indeed, it is impossible to read the story, as told by any of the authorities, without a thrill of admiration and of sincere regret that a soldier so brave and inspiring should have been so vilely treacherous. His crime was incredible, and every honest American will hope that it will always remain unique in our history.

Major André was a tool of Arnold's treason. He came within our lines to obtain information, and he sought to repass the lines in disguise. He was, therefore, not only "condemned as a spy," as Dean Stanley's inscription upon the new monument asserts, but he was a spy, and he was justly executed as a spy. Nathan Hale was also a spy; and it is not his fate, which nobody denies was according to the stern code of war, but it is his serene, self-sacrificing heroism, his willingness to encounter contumely and scorn and cruelty and death for the sake of his country, which endears his name to us as that of a true hero, and enrolls his dying words among those that are forever gratefully cherished as an inspiration to high deeds. The feeling with which these two men are still remembered certainly shows that a man with so bad a name as that of spy can yet be greatly honored.

PERSONAL.

The late Bishop Whittingham, of Maryland, stood next to Bishop Smith, of Kentucky, in point of seniority among the prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States. He was consecrated in 1840. Next to him is Bishop Lee, of Delaware, a Low-Churchman, who was consecrated in 1841. Following him is Bishop Southgate, who is without a diocese. The next twenty-four bishops, with perhaps three or four exceptions, are either of the High or Broad Church party, and all the remaining bishops, with six or eight exceptions, may be placed in the same category. It is a proverb among Churchmen, at least among the laity, that a radical Low-Church clergyman on being elevated to the episcopate becomes at an early day one of the most conservative men of his order. Three bishops have died during the year. Sixty-one remain.

—To correct the erroneous impression prevailing in this country, that the revised edition of Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary will in a short time be ready for publication, Dean Liddell writes to Professor Drisler, of Columbia College, who is co-operating with the English editors in the revision, that the work will not be ready for several years. Apropos of this, and as another evidence of the high standing of American scholarship in England, we may say that the English publishers of Harpers' New Latin Dictionary propose to call it Lewis and Short's Dictionary, after the American editors, thus giving to the scholastic world a Latin as well as a Greek "L. and S."

—Dean Stanley has got himself into tepid water. Recently he accused the Episcopalians of the North as harsh and cruel toward their Southern brethren, and not at all amicable at the close of the war. Bishop Atkinson, of North Carolina, and Bishop Lay, of Easton, Maryland, on behalf of the South, and Bishop Potter, on behalf of the North, have written letters containing positive statements proving the fact to be precisely the opposite of the statement of the Dean. How the English dignitary could have got this idea into his head is incomprehensible. The fact is universally admitted that the feeling of ministers of every denomination at the North toward their brethren of the South, since the war, has been of the most fraternal character, and has been manifested in the most practical and acceptable manner.

—Speaking of the late Daniel Drew, the London *Telegraph* has this allusion to his operations in Pacific Mail, with a pleasant little anecdote of a well-known New-Yorker: "It is related that Mr. Leonard Jerome, upon the occasion of his first visit to Rome, was shown the Coliseum, and told that it was the most magnificent ruin in the world. 'You should have seen the Pacific Mail,' he replied, with a groan, to his astonished interlocutor."

—Mr. William Black, the novelist, is famed for the rapidity with which he works. As a writer of editorials in former days, he was noted for his quickness. In writing novels, he seems to sit down with all his matter in his head, and only the penmanship to do. He will perhaps take a week of what might be called idleness, and then in a day or two write out all that has accumulated in his mind. He seldom works two days running, even in the thick of a novel, as the strain of continuous work is too great. He has a very fluent and easily commanded power of production, but even he can not always write. His earlier novels were written when he accomplished an amount of journalistic work which must have made it no light labor to produce bright romances at the same time. He is fond of billiards and various other active amusements.

—Mr. John Blackwood, the famous publisher, senior partner of the firm of William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh, and editor of *Blackwood's Magazine*, died October 29. He was born at Edinburgh December 7, 1818. Having been thoroughly grounded in the classics, and having ripened his knowledge by travelling, he returned from a long voyage in Italy, master of many modern languages, to take up the management of the magazine. His father had established it in 1818, and had made it the acknowledged organ of the Tory party. In 1834 his elder sons, Alexander and Robert, undertook the management. In 1846 it passed into the hands of their brother John, who held it till the day of his death. Under his direction the magazine has maintained the high position that it had at its inception. Remaining constantly faithful to the Conservative party, it has become less bitter in its polemics, and has striven to reconcile with its old brilliancy a greater breadth of criticism. It may fairly be said to have changed the whole character of the periodical press in Great Britain. It was the first to inaugurate the continuous form of novel, which afterward gave birth to the French *feuilleton*.

—Anthony Trollope says he never was able to perfect a plot for a novel beforehand. "I have to confess," he continues, "that my incidents are fabricated to fit my story as it goes on, and not my story to fit my incidents. I wrote a novel once in which a lady forged a will, but I had not myself decided that she had forged it till the chapter before that in which she confesses her guilt. I once heard an unknown critic abuse my workmanship because a certain lady had been made to appear too frequently in my pages. I went home and killed her immediately."

—Among other curious tastes of Count Karalyi, who died a few days ago in Vienna, leaving an enormous estate, was a passion for collecting meerschaum pipes. He left over 250, valued at 35,000 florins. The legacy duty on his estates amounted to 1,100,000 florins. His heir, who is already very wealthy, when he heard the figure of the duty, pathetically remarked that it was fortunate he was a rich man, otherwise two such fortunes would reduce him to penury. One day, when the count was showing his pipes to a connoisseur, he said, "Hélas, quand j'aurais *cassé la mienne* [meaning when he died] celles-ci courront grand risque d'être dispersées aux quatre coins du monde."

—The Rev. Dr. Taylor, of the Broadway Tabernacle, thinks that a funeral is no place to pronounce a eulogy on the dead; and that the whole custom of pronouncing a funeral oration comes to us from the French, and has in it not a little of the artificial and rhetorical for which, as a nation, they are remarkable. The discourses of Bossuet, Massillon, and Bourdaloue of this class are not equal to their other productions. They have all their rhetorical finish, indeed, but they lack their body of earnest thought, and as we read them we feel that they were spoken because their authors felt that they were expected to say something, and not because there was something in them that they felt must be said. And the same thing is true of most funeral addresses. The minister lacks spontaneity, and his words, when they are not personal eulogy, are either vague generalities or stereotyped commonplaces.

—Dr. H. J. Glenn, late Democratic candidate for Governor of California, has this year raised 65,000 tons of grain on his ranch in Colusa County, worth $2,210,000. Some small compensation for defeat.

—The Chief Rabbi of the Jews in London, Dr. N. M. Adler, now in his seventy-sixth year, has lately entered on the fiftieth year of his ministry in that office. In honor of that event his brother Israelites are getting up a testimonial to be presented to him.

—The Rev. E. H. Plumptre, D.D., Professor of Divinity in King's College, London, and rector of Bickley, has just visited New York. Professor Plumptre is perhaps one of the most distinguished of English Churchmen, and with a good right is so. To a classical scholarship of profundity, accuracy, and beauty, he adds a theological attainment as rare and as complete. As a classicist he is best known by his valuable translations of some of the Greek dramas; while as a theologian he has given us several volumes of sermons and essays; but not only so, he is *the* man of the great Bible Commentary now published under the editorship of Bishop Ellicott. As a teacher of systematic theology he has such reputation as to have made him the prominent and almost successful candidate for the Margaret Professorship of Divinity at Cambridge. He is a recognized leader of what is known as the Broad-Church school of thought in the Church of England, and is the friend of Dean Stanley, as he was also of the poet Frederick Denison Maurice, whose sister he married. It may be added, also, that he is the trusted friend and counsellor of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as is evidenced by the fact that he read the service at the burial of Mrs. Tait.

—Mr. Alexander Mitchell, who possesses one of the clearest heads, the kindest hearts, and the longest purses in the great Northwest, has just returned from his usual summer trip to England and Scotland, having while abroad peremptorily refused the Democratic nomination for Governor of Wisconsin. Mr. Mitchell speaks understandingly and glowingly of the great results that must accrue during the present season to the grain-producing regions of the Northwest. He says that the wants of Europe will require every bushel of grain and every pound of produce we can send abroad. In Mr. M.'s opinion, this country was never in so substantially prosperous and healthful a condition as at present. He also investigated the question of future immigration, and is confident that an unprecedented tide will pour into this country next year. These emigrants will mostly prefer Western homes, for they will be small farmers. Mr. Mitchell says: "I look on the present condition of business affairs and prospects that are in the certain future as by far the most favorable this country has ever seen. I do not think our business men really, or at least fully, appreciate the extent of the needs and depression in the Old World."

ARTILLERY SCHOOL FOR MILITIAMEN AT FORT HAMILTON.—From Sketches by R. F. Zogbaum.—[See Page 905.]

COLORADO SKETCHES.

The recent forest fires which have devastated the region near the Ute Reservation on Eagle River, of which our artist sends a graphic sketch, destroyed valuable timber on hundreds of acres. To Colorado this immense loss is one of the worst disasters of the year.

Our view of Denver is taken from a point about three miles north of the city. On the right are seen the largest smelting-works in the United States; on the left, Platte Cañon and Platte River. Beyond, over a stretch of territory forty-five miles wide, rises the great "divide," where the waters of the Platte and Arkansas take their separate courses. Nearer than the "divide" are the "foot-hills," while above them all, about eighty miles from the spectator's point of view, rises the famous Pike's Peak, with the Snowy Range boldly outlined against the sky. The view is one of the grandest in the whole region, and it is much admired by travellers. Denver lies about 5000 feet above the level of the sea, and as its climate is dry and salubrious, it is the resort of many persons who are in search of health.

ARTILLERY PRACTICE.

Our pictures on page 904 illustrate an event of considerable importance from a military point of view. Under the law, the Governor, as commander-in-chief, is authorized to assemble any portion of the State militia for the purpose of instruction for a period not exceeding ten days. Accordingly, the Governor issued a call for six men from each battery in the State to go into camp at Fort Hamilton, to receive a week's drill at the hands of the "Regulars" in artillery practice. The design was to make them familiar with all the manœuvres down to the minutest detail, and perfectly at home with horses, caissons, and cannons, so that upon their return to their respective batteries they could impart the practical knowledge they had obtained to the rest of their commands. As soon as the call was issued, the idea became so popular with the troops that more than twice the allotted number were eager to go. A number of men offered to defray their own expenses to be allowed the privilege of participating. The number was necessarily limited, however, and between eighty and ninety men were accepted, of whom one-third were officers. The detachment was placed under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel McEwen, formerly of the Fourth United States Artillery, and now of the Tenth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y.

On the 19th ult. the militiamen went to Fort Hamilton, and went at once into quarters. The camp was pitched in the rear of the Stephenson House. It consisted of fifty-one tents of snowy duck, forty-eight being wall tents, and three hospital tents. After supper the boys retired, but they were not destined to get through the night without receiving their first lesson in camp routine. At the first tattoo call every light but one in the encampment was extinguished; that glimmered from the doorway of the head-quarters tent. A few minutes after the first call the stillness of the camp was broken by a bugle call that sounded very much like tattoo. The young soldiers, who had been snugly tucked under their blankets for nearly a quarter of an hour, and some of whom were even then in the land of Nod, were rudely disturbed from their slumbers by the voice of the officer of the day, who ordered the men out for muster. Finding them all abed, however, he was lenient enough to permit them to appear *en déshabillé* to answer to their names. It was a queer sight to see them all drawn up in line, shivering in their bare legs, and their teeth, like castanets, keeping time with the wind that was whistling a lively tune around the corners of the tents.

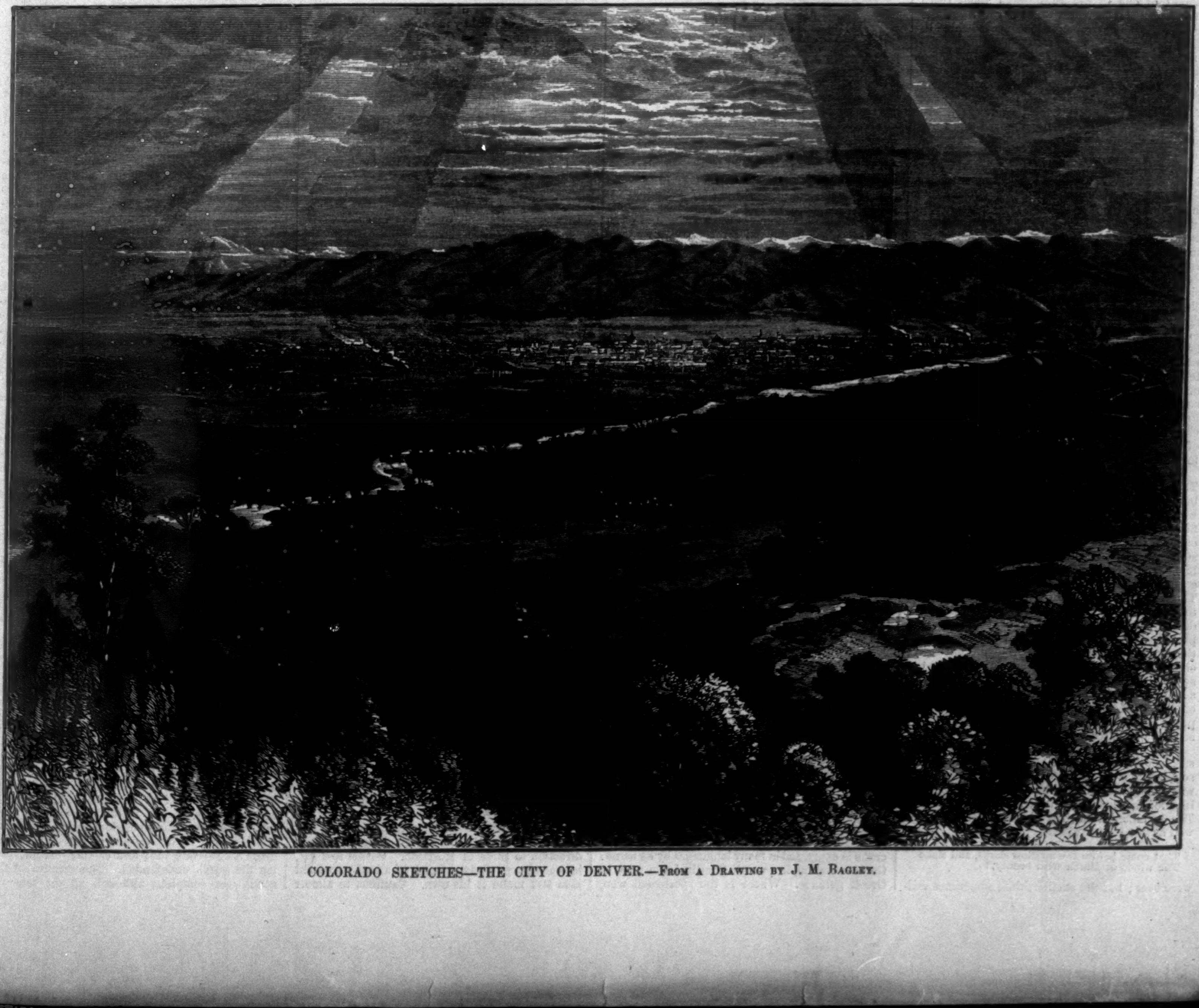
The next day the week's work was begun in good earnest, and drills were held every morning and afternoon. The manœuvres were directed by Colonel McEwen, and regulars belonging to Major Sinclair's Battery C instructed the militia in the different movements. Every evening lectures were delivered by regular army officers on artillery tactics.

On the last two days of the week the detachment went down to Sandy Hook for target practice. Five batteries took part the first day, and eight the second. The guns used were two Hotchkiss three-inch rifles belonging to Battery K, of New York. Each detail took its turn at firing, every man acting in turn as gunner, and firing three percussion shells and two case shots each. The range was 1500 yards.

A QUEER PARIS CUSTOM.

There is in the Halles or markets of Paris a body of individuals who are designated by the administration as dealers in cooked provisions. Formerly the articles they sell were termed *rogatons*, but the public very soon ceased to employ this term, and denominated them harlequins, probably in allusion to their diversified character; and by this they are now generally

COLORADO SKETCHES.—FOREST ON FIRE.—From a Drawing by J. M. Bagley.



COLORADO SKETCHES—THE CITY OF DENVER.—From a Drawing by J. M. Bagley.

known. The sources from whence these harlequins—to adopt the popular name—are derived are the private houses of rich men, the dwellings of ambassadors, the residences of ministers, palaces, and the restaurants and hotels of the greatest reputation. Every morning these places are visited by the dealer, who has the privilege of purchasing the scraps left from the previous day; and on receiving them he deposits them in a covered barrow pierced with holes to allow of a free circulation of air.

No attempt is made to sort them at the time of collection, but all are emptied into the vehicle in one undistinguished mass. On arriving at the Halles the dealer picks out every piece sufficiently large to be distinguished from the common mass, goes over it with a knife, scraping off the fish sauce if it happens to be a piece of chicken, or a slice of beef or mutton, and slightly trimming it to give it as comely an appearance as it will admit of without sacrificing substance to mere outward show. The pieces thus cleaned and garnished are arranged on plates, and exposed on the stall ready for the expected customer. As may be imagined, the preliminary operations before it reaches this stage are performed behind a screen, where the public eye has no opportunity of witnessing them.

Considerable art is exercised in displaying the plates, the foreground being usually occupied by a tymbal, or some other side dish, into which only one or two guests have thrust a spoon, and this is flanked by the best pieces that figure on the plates. The prices of these plates vary, of course, according to their contents, some being as low as two sous. Strange to say, there are rich but miserly people who prefer these dainty scraps to cleaner and more substantial, but at the same time more expensive meat to be had at the butchers' shops. It is possible, too, that among the purchasers there are some who do really prefer these spiced fragments to the plain slice of meat; but the majority of the consumers are the very poor who have not means to buy any other.

When the dealer has picked out all the solid pieces of a size capable of filling a mouth of the ordinary size, there still remains a heterogeneous mass of which even the experienced eye of the harlequin dealer can not distinguish the composition. This mass is sold in portions at a fixed rate to the owners of cherished dogs, the bones contained in it being first picked out and sold to the manufacturers of gelatine, by whom they are subsequently sold to the manufacturers of animal charcoal or lamp-black.

ALPINE FLOWERS AND BIRDS.

There is no grander spectacle than sunrise in the Alps. The atmosphere is so perfectly clear that distant objects seem close at hand, only too soon to be obscured in the haze produced by the hotter rays of the noonday sun. My first view of this great awakening of Nature was from the summit of one of the Jura peaks about three o'clock on a May morning. The sky assumed the deepest violet hue; and as the sun rose behind it, the edges of the clouds were streaked with golden and scarlet rays. Then, as with a joyful bound, the orb of day burst forth on the horizon, and all Nature seemed to be hymning its morning song of praise. Far away rose one pure virgin peak of stainless snow against the azure sky; it was the summit of Mont Blanc, a hundred miles distant. Imagination might easily picture it as the pinnacle of some celestial city.

We can scarcely wonder, when this god of the sky clothes himself with his sparkling robe and golden crown, that heathen nations made him their first object of worship. The early inhabitants of Switzerland sang hymns of triumph at the break of day. Then fire became the symbol, and the shepherds on the Alpine slopes believed they could bring their god down to earth by collecting a handful of dried leaves and rubbing two pieces of wood together. The red spark was kindled, the tongue of flame broke forth, and then they brought their offerings to propitiate a being so powerful. Milk, butter, and sweet-smelling herbs were poured into it. Happy indeed was it when nations were satisfied with these simple offerings, and did not demand hecatombs of cattle or the blood of men for their deities. Relics of such superstitions are to be found even in this enlightened age: when a fire bursts out in a Swiss chalet the shepherd may be seen with a small cup of milk in his hand, slowly pouring it drop by drop into the devouring element.

To return to that daybreak scene in the Jura. The snow had not yet melted on the road-side; but over the white surface and beneath the pine woods, thousands of crocuses and other spring flowers of varied hue raised their lovely chalices, content to adorn that lonely height, where the steps of man so seldom trod. To the lover of botany, not the least attraction of "the playground of Europe" lies in its Alpine plants. Those travellers who can visit Switzerland about the month of June have their reward in the wonderful profusion and variety of the tapestried pastures. A month later I was wandering over the slopes of the Val des Ormonds, gathering cluster after cluster of flowers, drinking in the sweet air, listening to the bells of the cattle, and admiring the rich brown of the picturesque wooden chalets of Sepey; whilst above all towered the peaks of the Diablerets, then covered with snow, soon to be melted under the July sun.

Here were acres of the beautiful white narcissus, beloved of the gods, with its powerful scent, so dangerous to the nerves, that for this reason it was consecrated to the Furies, who stupefied with its odor those who had incurred their vengeance. The commonest of this class, which we know well as

> "The daffodils
> That come before the swallow dares, and take
> The winds of March with beauty,"

were over; but the smaller kind, sometimes called Lent lilies, might occasionally be found. There were large patches so brilliantly blue with the small gentian that the grass could scarcely be seen; this was the *G. verna*, a star of about half an inch across, with a pure white eye; even more beautiful than the grander bell, which is often used for edging our gardens. The varieties of this class of plants are very numerous, and few display so full a series of colors. It has been said that red, blue, yellow, and white are never found in the same class; yet they are all exhibited here, with many compound colors.

Though the snow-drop had only left its leaves to mark its habitat, yet there was the spring snow-flake, so easily mistaken for it, which, from its loveliness and purity, the Swiss have dedicated to St. Agnes, the patron saint of young virgins, and call it St. Agnes's flower. The silvery artemisia spreads its highly aromatic leaves, from which the bitter liqueur called *crème d'absinthe* is distilled. One variety is known by the name of the "old man," so gray and powdery is its appearance. In France it is the *garde-robe*, as the housewives place it in their drawers to save their apparel from the attacks of the destructive moth. Tarragon is another of the same genus, giving flavor to salad and vinegar; and all are dedicated to Diana, the goddess of chastity and purity, from the appearance of the leaves. The cardamine was there, sometimes called the cuckoo-flower, as it is found when that bird utters its welcome note. It was introduced into England in 1629, and is described in an old book called the *Paradise of Pleasant Flowers*, as being sent to the author "by my especial good friend Tradescante, who brought it among many other dainty plants from beyond the seas, and imparted thereof a root to me." Here is the blue chiccory, and harebells richer in color and variety than Scotland can show, justifying the poet's words:

> "The harebell bright and blue,
> That decks the dingle wild,
> In whose cerulean blue
> Heaven's own blest tint we view;
> On days serene and mild,
> How beauteous, like an azure gem,
> She droopeth from the graceful stem!"

Saxifrages are most numerous, and form a beautiful covering to rocks and old walls. The silvery margins to the leaves mark the longifolia; and the mountain-climber when he sits down to his frugal dinner will not f rget to gather the golden variety, so well known as the *cresson de roche*, to add a piquant flavor to his bread. It grows at a height of eight thousand feet, whilst the bryoides has been found above eleven thousand feet high. Here is the favorite of Linnæus, which he named the pink dianthus, or flower of God, with its delicious fragrance, the purple aster, countless hyacinths, tall blue and white campanulas, the sweet-scented yellow Alpine wall-flower, and the chaste and elegant wood-anemone:

> "Nymph of the wood and forest glade,
> In thine own fair vestal robes arrayed,
> In the calm of the silent sylvan bowers,
> 'Tis sweet to gaze on thy drooping flowers;
> Chaste and pure as the driven snow,
> Yet faintly tinged with a purple glow;
> Like mountain crests
> On some Alpine height,
> When the snow-drift rests,
> In the evening light!"

One more must be added to this long list, the pretty *Crochette des Alpes*, its delicate stem bearing two bell-shaped lilac flowers, fringed at the edges, growing out of a tuft of round leaves like a shilling, and therefore named soldanella. From all these let us make up our bouquet, placing round it the maiden-hair, the holly fern, the cystopteris, and numberless club-mosses and lichens.

But the flowers are not the only attraction to the lover of nature. Ere the sky is colored, or the light breeze announces the approach of day, the birds give the signal for Nature to awake. There are those that seldom descend lower than the snow-line, and love the wild and magnificent peaks. Such are the now rare birds the golden eagle and the Lämmergeier, only met with in the deepest recesses of the Tyrol. Organized for the highest flights, they are the true sailors of the atmosphere. There is also the *chouca*, or chough, a crow of intensely black plumage, with a yellow beak and bright red claws, which loves the snowy regions. Those tourists who seek the glaciers of Monte Rosa and the Col du Géant will perhaps remember large flocks of them uttering their discordant notes among the broken rocks and steep precipices. Everything that rises to a dizzy height in the air has a charm for them. Tall fir-trees, steeples, old towers, the battlements of castles overlooking the valleys, isolated peaks, sharp pointed *aiguilles*, are the places they choose for their nests. Sociable hermits of the air, condemned like those who dwelt in the desert of Thebes to the most frugal and austere food, they delight in solitude, and the more space that separates them from man, the more they are in their element.

There are other interesting species which the Swiss naturalists describe for us. The snow-bunting, as well as the accentor, chooses the stony bare ground which lies between the place where vegetation ceases and perpetual snow begins. Nine thousand feet above the sea do they seek and find the insects necessary for their existence; beetles, butterflies, and spiders are nestled in the crags and clefts of the rocks, placed there by Him who giveth food to every living thing in due season.

It has often been remarked by naturalists that the song of birds is borrowed from the sounds heard around. Whether that be true or not, the cry of a bird has often formed its name. Some of these have passed down to us from age to age, and from people to people. Take the crow as an instance; in the Sanskrit we find it called karava, in Greek korax, in German Krähe, in Latin corvus, in French corbeau. The imploring cry of the crane is expressed in many languages by its name: German Krahn, in French grue, in Latin grus, in Greek geranos. Where is the sportsman who, when hearing that the Sanskrit name for partridge is titiri, would not recognize the sound he has so often heard in the evening? A particular page in Aristotle puzzled naturalists, until the curlew's cry pronounced its own name, and cleared up the mystery.

One very remarkable but shy Alpine bird should not be omitted. When the traveller is passing through the pine forests he will hear a sound proceeding from their deep recesses resembling "crack," or at some seasons "curr." It is the nut-cracker, which feeds on the pine cones, and is rarely seen. Long before other birds have begun to build, in March, ere the snow has melted off the ground under the trees, it builds its nest; and instead of being noisy, it becomes silent and stealthy in its movements. Standing beside the torrent as it rushes down over the huge bowlders, the observer will notice a conspicuous little bird, with throat and breast of white, darting arrow-like up the stream, or perched upon a rock. It is named, like its British congener, the dipper. Then there is the beautiful wall-creeper, with its ash-colored back and breast, crimson and black wings, and black tail tipped with white, ranging to above ten thousand feet, playing on the snow beds, and feeding on the scanty vegetation which here and there takes root among the rocks.

Strange to say, there is an abundant supply of insects upon which these birds live, even in the most desolate regions. The desoria, or glacier flea, thrives in a temperature seldom rising above the freezing-point; they may be seen in great numbers in the shallow pools of water under the glacier stones, and when disturbed jump about and rush to the bottom, where they form an animated mass of black dots. Grasshoppers and beetles love the higher pastures; and many butterflies, very rare in England, may there be collected as they flutter from flower to flower. Very interesting it is to notice the various examples of the wonderful way in which the Creator adapts the forms of animal life to their position. Let us learn a lesson of joy from each of them, breaking through the chrysalis, like the insect, to reach a higher life, and rising like the bird with its joyous song, "true to the kindred points of heaven and home."

THE HALF-TIDE ROCK.

When the writer first knew and went to school at Ryde, Isle of Wight, it was little more than a village. Now it is a town of considerable importance, with railroads, telegraphs, and all modern improvements. Then there were no steam-packets plying across the Solent. The principal portion of the growing town was situated on the rising land west of the flat, then called "the Dover," through which meandered a small salt creek or inlet of the sea, from whence the salt-pans used to be supplied in the days of the old French war, when England was chiefly dependent on her supplies of salt from the evaporation of sea-water. The part of "the Dover" near the sea-shore was covered with graves of the men who had been drowned or destroyed by the sinking and destruction of the ships *Royal George* and *Boyne*, whose corpses drifted on shore from Spithead, and were buried in what was then a common and valueless piece of land, although now doubtless covered with streets and buildings. On the rising ground to the east, toward Nettlestone, were situated the delightful house and grounds then called Atherly, at the time of which I speak the residence of the Hutt family. On the front of these grounds, toward the sea, the subsidence of the land, or the washings of the water, discovered the existence of a large under-ground brick-arched chamber, doubtless constructed in former years of the French war, when contraband trade was extensive, and amongst certain classes popular, and when profits were so large as to admit of the construction of such under-ground and secret receptacles, unused when discovered, but which, being built in a bank of earth, formed a safe method of concealing from the officers of the law all kinds of contraband wares.

This place we school-boys knew as the "Smugglers' Cave," and in those days there was many a legend connected with it, which curious youth extracted from garrulous old age. There never was such a place for tales of adventure and smuggling, in which the narrators had taken part, as Ryde; and, amongst others, the following tale was told to the writer by an aged sea-faring man, who took delight in getting hold of young folks, and spinning the toughest yarns, none the less wonderful for having occurred so many years ago. One of these yarns related to the Smugglers' Cave, the neighborhood of which had been the scene of the tragedy which we now proceed to narrate.

James Morrison was one of a band of smugglers, and one of the most efficient of the body, always active and enterprising, the first to point out a hazardous exploit, and the first to carry out his own plan. He was admired by all his mates, and was the very life of the lawless society in which he moved. His comrades adored him; and his natural enemies, the custom-house officers, looked upon a capture as nearly hopeless when once James was known or suspected to have a share in the transaction. His youth alone prevented his being the captain of the tribe; but the elders, although they admired his spirit, feared his rashness, and it was always considered necessary to call in the aid of the older heads to moderate the zeal and repress the recklessness of his advice and proceedings. He was never known to desert a friend under any circumstances, or even a cargo whilst there was a chance of success left, and his uniform good luck showed what daring can accomplish when upheld by an intelligent head and a dauntless heart.

William Lowe was another member of the fraternity, and his gifts lay in an almost opposite direction to those of Morrison. Covert and sly, he was always ready to catch at a half-suggested idea and make it his own. Cautious to almost the verge of timidity, he seldom or never undertook anything in which he did not succeed. But although every one of his fellows recognized his usefulness, none loved him. None distrusted him, because all believed that the dreadful oaths by which the society were bound together were too terrible to be broken by one so careful; and the awful punishments which were known to await a convicted informer would, every one supposed, deter even the worst amongst them from committing the blackest crime with which a smuggler can be branded—that of informing against his accomplices.

Strange as it may appear, these two men were friends. They were seldom apart. On more than one occasion they had rendered the most material service to each other. James had saved William's life, and rescued him several times from the fangs of the law. William had by his prudence saved more than one cargo for James. And to all appearance their friendship ought to have been cemented by mutual benefits bestowed and expected; but it was so on one side only. William often envied James his brilliant success, and, more than all, envied his larger gains and his influence with his companions. On one occasion Morrison had injured Lowe, without knowing it, in a tender point, "the affection of woman," and the latter vowed, though secretly, to have revenge.

Morrison had embarked his all in one transaction, the favorable result of which would give him independence, or, at all events, would enable him to marry the object of their joint affections, who preferred his bold and brilliant character to that of his more sly and prudent associate. What will not a combination of self-interest, anger, and injured affection effect? The tempter saw his opportunity; the means were at hand. Secret information was given by Lowe to an officer of great activity and address, the best methods were adopted to secure success by the officers of the law, and the result could scarcely be otherwise than favorable to their wishes.

The eventful night came; the whole gang of smugglers were collected; the venture was one of more than ordinary value, and expectation was at its height, when one of the scouts rushed in amongst the smugglers and gave the alarm that they were betrayed and surrounded. The kegs of spirits had all been landed, the horses loaded with the rich parcels of silks and other excisable articles, and all was in readiness for a start inland. The boats had shoved off in security, after effecting the landing. What could be done? If the boats were recalled, the necessary signals would betray their position. If they were not recalled, the loss of the whole venture seemed inevitable. In this dilemma Morrison proposed that a division should be made; that the least valuable but most numerous of the packages should at once be taken in the direction in which the officers were known to be, whilst the remainder of the goods, being the chief hope of the expedition, should remain stationary for a time, and when those in charge heard their comrades engaged with the officers, the reserve should make a rush in another direction, and, if possible, escape. This plan was too hopeful not to be carried into immediate effect. Morrison was left in charge of the reserve, or most valuable part of the cargo, whilst Lowe went with the other. At that time forfeiture of the goods was the worst to be expected; the severe laws against the persons of such offenders had not been enacted. The punishment of a *row* was only a short imprisonment, if detected; but they generally managed to escape; for the officers were too eager to seize the goods, upon which their hope of reward rested, to look much after the offenders, from whom nothing but hard knocks could be had, and the capture of whom was, to the most sagacious of the officers, very much like cutting the throat of the goose which laid the golden eggs.

The expedition, divided as aforesaid, proceeded toward the officers' station, and, as was expected, was immediately pounced upon. The usual rattling of sticks in the fight which ensued, and the shouts of the combatants, warned Morrison that his time for action had arrived, and he moved quietly off, accordingly, with every chance of success, so completely had the ruse taken. Suddenly a cry arose amongst the officers: "Divide, lads, divide! They make off with the best part of the booty toward Nettlestone."

The word of command was given; the already captured goods were left in charge of half the number of officers; and the rest and strongest party of the custom-house people, mounting the captured horses and their own, started off in the direction pointed out. Then occurred a fearful race. The smugglers, having the advance of nearly half a mile, had at first the advantage; but their heavily laden horses could not long preserve their speed, and after a severe chase the flying party was overtaken. Morrison, nothing daunted, rallied his men, and placing the horses in the rear, gave directions to the drivers to move on immediately they had recovered their breath, and as soon as the fight commenced, and if possible to effect their escape.

James Morrison and his men fought like tigers at bay; to him capture was ruin, not only to his fortune, but to his hopes of love and happiness. He was everywhere through the fight; none seemed able to stand before his blows, when at last he came hand to hand with the chief officer in charge of the party. If he were vanquished, the goods would be safe. James's strength seemed doubled, his eyes flashed fire, and the blows of his stick could be kept off no longer. The officer had behaved with great forbearance as to sacrificing life, but finding himself hard pressed, and after several warnings, drew a pistol and fired. James fell. The rest of the smugglers, seeing resistance hopeless, and yet determined to save their leader, made a desperate rally and carried him off, leaving the goods undefended. The capture of the goods was complete, although all the men es-

caped; and in an hour or two James awoke to consciousness in the hands of his friends.

Shortly after their rout, the whole party of smugglers met at their usual place of rendezvous, which was the cave or subterranean chamber before mentioned. The laborers had, according to custom, immediately dispersed to their own houses; for they, although employed, were never trusted with the secrets of the gang. When the muster was complete, the whole party arranged themselves for a consultation. Poor James was made as comfortable as possible; for it was found too dangerous to remove him to his usual place of residence, which was at a considerable distance, and since the effusion of blood had been stopped he had rapidly revived. The wound was not considered very dangerous, and the hardy fellows were used to treat everything but death lightly. Lowe was nearly the last who arrived. He had hesitated a long time whether or not he should come at all, but with the consciousness of guilt had considered that his staying away might have a suspicious appearance; he therefore put a bold front on the matter, and with an air rather more swaggering than usual with him, he made his appearance with his fellows. The arrival of the few remaining members of the body was the signal for the commencement of the consultation as to the cause of the misfortune, and the best mode of avoiding such a thing in future.

The old captain of the gang was the first who spoke; in a few nervous words he explained to the meeting that it was quite clear treachery must have been at work; that the very force in which the custom-house officers mustered was of itself a convincing proof that they expected great booty and considerable resistance. The idea of treason was generally repudiated by the smugglers. Who, they said, could be guilty of such a thing? Were they not all as brothers? Had they not too often been tried to allow even for a moment of such a suspicion being cast amongst those present?

"It must have been the boat people," said Lowe.

"It could not have been they," replied the captain; "for, as was customary, they did not know where the fall was to be made until a few minutes before, when the information was given to them by signal by myself with the usual flashings and cross-lights."

One brought forward one suspicion, another a different one, until at last an old smuggler, almost borne down by years, whose duty it was to watch about through the country, and do the other light business of the company—for his strength for carrying goods and fighting was gone—quietly rose and said, "Comrades, guard the door." Every one started to his feet. All knew that some information of the greatest importance was about to be given, and that the traitor must be amongst themselves. Every one looked at his neighbor with blank dismay; the blood left Lowe's cheek, but the light was too gloomy to show it to his fellows.

Those whose duty it was reported that all was secure, and the old man then called out, "William Lowe, step forward, and answer for your treason to your comrades!" All shrank from him; and although he did not advance, he was instantly standing alone. The old man then resumed: "William Lowe, where were you last Thursday night?"

He hurriedly answered, "At home;" that he had not stirred out after dark.

"If so," said the old man, "how was it that I met you in Union Street, in Ryde, after eleven o'clock at night, coming in a direction from Lieutenant Austen's house? I could not be mistaken; for I have lived too long in the world, and had too much to do with the 'fair trade,' not to make myself certain where my suspicions are once aroused. I should have mentioned it to the captain, but that it was then only suspicion, and I dared hardly think you were a traitor."

William answered not a word; in the hard-set looks of his comrades he saw his fate.

"Further than this," pursued the old man, "Bill Simmons, one of the laborers, told me that at the first fight he saw a man with a red neckerchief leave our ranks, run behind a bush, and speak to the lieutenant just before the cry was raised that the best part of the goods had gone off toward Nettlestone. Who present has a red neckerchief but William Lowe?"

All looked round; the proof was deemed conclusive, and each man looked in his neighbor's face for confirmation of his own opinion. There was evidently but one feeling.

The captain, after a few minutes' consideration, and examining the faces of his comrades, pronounced the fatal words: "William Lowe, you have betrayed us. You have broken your oath. You must die."

The unhappy wretch saw not one gleam of pity in any face—his fate was sealed, and he well knew that his death would follow. Notwithstanding all this, he did not fail; his cheek was livid, and the moisture oozed from every pore, yet there he stood erect, gasping for breath, condemned as well by his own conscience as by the voice of his comrades. A sudden cry from the man who stood nearest Morrison's bed called attention to the wounded man. All thought for the time that he was dead; but he had only swooned, overcome by his own feelings on hearing the sentence given; for at that moment the reality of his friend's treachery flashed suddenly on his mind.

Nothing now remained but the mode of carrying out the sentence. It was the first crime of the kind that had taken place in that neighborhood and amongst that set, and it was deemed necessary that the mode of execution should be the most horrible and protracted that could be devised, yet at the same time no one liked to stain his hand with blood.

The old man who had brought the accusation solved the difficulty. "When I was in Doherty's gang in the north of Ireland," said he, "we were betrayed then as now, and the sentence was that the informer should be tied on to a half-tide rock at the time of the rising flow of the tide, and left to drown."

No acclamation greeted his proposal; but in the stern murmur which arose from the assembly the old man read their approval of the plan.

The captain, again addressing the culprit, said, "This night, at the rise of the flood-tide, you shall be exposed to its mercy; and all within hearing of our justice shall learn what is the fit fate for an informer."

Lowe's heart died within him. One cry for mercy passed his lips; but he saw that all was in vain, and he again sank into a gasping silence. As it was now early dawn, all except those left to guard the prisoner separated, and returned to their homes.

The following night—it was a calm, bright, beautiful moonlight—the tide turned to the flood at nine o'clock; at ten some dark bodies were seen moving over the sands from the wood on the shore in front of Atherly—where the Smugglers' Cave is situated—in the direction of a number of isolated rocks, or rather large stones, which were sprinkled here and there on the sand in front of the cave, but about a quarter of a mile from the high-water mark on the shore. The tide runs out and leaves a great extent of sandy beach for possibly nearly a mile on that shore, and the rocks spoken of are more than half way between high and low water mark. They are all black with a growth of sea-weed, so that a man's figure in dark clothes would not at a distance be observed upon them. In a short time the dark objects were seen returning. For an hour afterward all was silent, when suddenly through the night air arose a cry so appalling that it struck at once to the hearts of all who heard it. Some of the nearest residents in Ryde, not connected with the boatmen, rushed to the beach, feeling assured that some accident must have happened; but all connected with the water seemed to be absent, and their boats were all stranded on the beach awaiting the return of the tide. "It comes from the rocks near Atherly," said one; and the whole posse of listeners rushed to the spot, where in various attitudes of silent attention they found a number of men, apparently boatmen. "What is the meaning of that unearthly cry?" they eagerly inquired. But from the men assembled they received no reply. At the time it was supposed that all were too much horror-stricken to interfere, but afterward their behavior was attributed to a different motive.

A slight ripple now curved the surface of the water, and the moon, previously sometimes obscured by light clouds, shone out in full refulgence. The ripple must have washed above the poor wretch's lips, for instantly there burst forth a torrent of gurgling cries; these continued for a few moments, when fainter and fainter grew the sobs of mortal agony, and it was apparent to all that human assistance was of no further avail. As soon as this was certain, all the boatmen left in parties of two and three, none looking back or speaking. The towns-people, after agreeing amongst themselves to be on the spot the moment the tide rendered examination practicable the next morning, separated for their homes, to retail the mysterious and dreadful story to their expectant families.

The morning came fine and clear. The earliest of the spectators of the night before rushed to the spot; and there, in the centre of the group of rocks, they found the body of a man in a sitting posture chained to a "half-tide rock," stone-dead, the expression on his countenance indicating the awful death he had died. It was William Lowe.

Even in the days of the narrator's school-boy life the old inhabitants of Ryde shunned the spot of a moonlight night when the tide came rippling on. The same shrieks in imagination were again heard by them; the horrors of that fearful night were recalled to their minds, and they used to point out to their children and visitors to the watering-place the spot where "the condemned smuggler was chained by his comrades to that 'half-tide rock,' and drowned." A proper fate, they used to say, for all informers.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

Learning the Chinese language is no light task, and the Harvard students who are about to undertake it must give plenty of time and untiring patience. A "good ear" is said also to be an indispensable qualification in a pupil. Opinions differ as to the length of time required to obtain a good knowledge of Chinese; but one of the best speakers of it among foreigners in China (the interpreter to the British Legation at Pekin) thinks that a faithful student can get a fair acquaintance with the language in three years. Others, who have had some experience, say that a *useful* knowledge may be gained in less time. The Boston *Advertiser* gives some interesting information in regard to the new Chinese professor at Harvard, Mr. Ko-kunhua, or Mr. Ko, as he seems to be called at Cambridge. He was selected in China by Mr. Francis P. Knight, the originator of this undertaking, and by whose efforts a subscription has been raised to defray the cost of it; for the experiment of giving instruction in Chinese at Harvard is not tried at the expense of the university. The contributions came from retired merchants who formerly lived in China, some merchants and manufacturers in the China trade, and from others interested in the scheme.

The new instructor, Mr. Ko, is an intelligent, well-educated gentleman, about forty-four years of age, refined and dignified, and fully qualified for the position he has assumed. He brought with him his wife and five children, as well as two servants, and lives in a neat house not far from the college. The whole family retain their rich national dress, and prefer in general their national food; but in other respects they seem to like American customs, and desire to conform to them. Already this cultivated Chinese family have won many friends in Cambridge.

At the first annual meeting of the Foreign Sunday-school Association, held in the Clinton Avenue Congregational Church, Brooklyn, it was recommended that Sunday-schools throughout the country should set apart one Sunday in 1880 for the celebration of the centennial of the foundation of such schools by Robert Raikes. In London and in all the larger towns and cities of Great Britain the centennial of Robert Raikes's little school will be celebrated next year by public meetings. Collections will be taken at these meetings for the purpose of establishing a fund for the improvement of existing Sunday-schools, and of extending the movement throughout the world.

The bill to be introduced into the Spanish Cortes for gradual emancipation provides that slaves of the age of fifty-five and over be freed immediately, and others annually, according to their age, until the year 1890, when all are to be set free. Each year, beginning with 1880, $100,000 will be charged on the Cuban budget for defraying the expenses of emancipation, $350 being paid to owners for each slave liberated by this act.

Three thousand school-children were among the throng who welcomed General Grant on his arrival at Sacramento.

The remarkable case of Joseph A. Blair, indicted for shooting his coachman, John Armstrong, at Montclair, New Jersey, on the 26th of last June, was brought to a conclusion on October 22 by the jury's verdict of "Not guilty." The trial had lasted two weeks, and the jury had been secluded four days. In this case, it will be remembered, there was no question as to who actually committed the deed; the point to be decided was whether Mr. Blair was justified in doing it, and he received the "benefit of the doubt" which the law gives to an accused person. When the verdict of the jury was announced in court, a scene of excitement and emotion occurred such as is not often witnessed in the court-room, and in which the audience, the acquitted man and his friends, and the jurymen participated. Even the judge was not unmoved. Perhaps the *moral* of this case can not be better presented briefly than by an extract from the New York *Times*: "His acquittal is in strict accordance with human justice. But while the verdict cleared him from the penalty of the law, it does not declare his action blameless. His experience is not without a lesson for hasty employers....A man has a right to defend his life even by taking that of another, if it can not be avoided, but it is his duty to use every effort to keep clear of such dire necessity."

A Boston paper informs us that a resident of Connecticut, who was evidently in doubt as to the exact meaning of Postmaster-General Key's last order, and wanted, if possible, to have his letter delivered, deposited a missive in the post-office the other day addressed as follows:

Mr. Enos A. Hale,
Assistant-Postmaster,
250 Orchard Street,
New Haven,
City of New Haven,
Town of New Haven,
County of New Haven,
State of Connecticut,
United States of America,
Western Continent,
Planet Earth,
Solar System,
Universe.

During the last year the American Bible Society printed about one thousand copies daily of its ten-cent New Testament, and yet was unable to supply all that were ordered.

By the late disastrous floods in Spain it is believed that not far from three thousand persons have lost their lives, and ten thousand are made homeless. King Alfonso has done considerable to relieve the sufferers, and has announced that all contributions toward the celebration of his marriage, either from individuals or public bodies, will be devoted to the relief of the distressed. It is reported that one wealthy resident of Alicante has given $400,000 to the sufferers.

October exhibited about as many changes of weather as could well be crowded into any single month. In New York city, for example, the sudden rise of the mercury to 88°, with dry, heavy, smoky atmosphere, and the sudden fall to 32° a couple of weeks later, afforded variations pretty trying even to robust constitutions.

A Congregational church in Minnesota having by great effort freed itself from long-standing debt, the pastor has exacted from the trustees a public pledge that they will close the doors of the church rather than again allow the church to become involved in debt. It would not be amiss if other churches should take somewhat the same stand, for a religious society should, for its own honor and for the honor of God, be particularly scrupulous to "deal justly," and to set an example of right business management.

Sir Henry Bessemer is constructing an observatory to contain an enormous telescope capable of magnifying five thousand times. The Bessemer telescope will not have a metal speculum, as Sir Henry has discovered a method of grinding glass to the required curvature. The observatory itself is a marvel of skill. The entire upper floor revolves on a circular railway by hydraulic power, subject to a touch of the finger of the astronomer, who thus enjoys all the advantages of out-of-door observation, combined with the comfort of his own library.

"The Miracle of the Slave," a painting said to be three hundred years old, and formerly the property of Charles Sumner, was lately sold at auction in Boston for $110.

According to Detroit newspapers, there is in Adrian, Michigan, a certain Edwin Smith who is the possessor of a remarkable beard, no less than seven feet six inches in length. Of course it is impossible for him to allow this abundant growth to sway at its own free will, but he keeps it "done up" with thread and hair-pins in a compact bunch under his chin. Mr. Smith is about forty-seven years old, and not far from six feet in height. So when he is invited to exhibit his extraordinary possession, he mounts a chair, and then the beard touches the floor.

About twelve years ago a Christian Association was started in Paris for the benefit of the great number of English-speaking young men who constantly reside in that city. It is now in a very flourishing condition. Its quarters are centrally located; it has a large reading-room, a good library, and rooms for classes, games, and conversation are provided. The president, Mr. H. H. Shepper, has done much to secure the prosperity of this association, sparing no pains to make it pleasant as well as useful. During the summer he has extended to the young men of the society a monthly invitation to his country home, about ten miles from Paris. There, in the beautiful park, beneath the trees, was held the usual Sunday Bible class, after which the hospitable and genial host entertained his guests at long tables spread with a substantial lunch.

Collisions at sea are frequent enough to make the recently promulgated international code of rules regulating the manner in which vessels shall pass each other a matter of great interest and importance. This new code will not go into operation till September 1, 1880, and meanwhile pilots and captains will have time to become familiar with the provisions. The new code gives rules for vessels passing each other at sea, regulations to secure the safety of steamers laying telegraphic cables, for steamers that have been disabled, and for slow steamers, and decrees that steamers and sailing vessels shall go at slow speed in fogs, mists, or snow-storms. Doubtless these sea laws, being binding upon all nations, will greatly simplify navigation.

Telephones are used in London hospitals to diminish the risk of infection, by diminishing personal communication with the fever wards in sending messengers.

Chloride of soda (Labarraque's solution) is recommended by the *Medical Record* as a most useful application in all cases of poisoning by the poison-ivy. If the skin is broken, the solution should be diluted with water. This is also an excellent local application in burns and scalds, as well as in erysipelas.

Wolves have made sad havoc among the cattle in several provinces of Russia. Even children and grown persons sometimes fall victims to the rapacity of these animals. A wolf appeared in the streets of a village in the province of Vilna not long ago, and seized a boy three years old, who was playing in the yard near a house. The mother's screams aroused the neighbors, and many persons started in pursuit. But the wolf escaped, with the child in its jaws, into the forests in the vicinity, and though search was continued two days, no trace of the child could be found.

The twenty-second birthday of King Alfonso of Spain, November 22, is fixed as his marriage day. The apartments of the future Queen are being prepared in the Palace of the Plaza de Oriente.

An exchange states that two or three manufacturers owning large silk and lace mills intend to bring to this country about 300 Swiss weavers, skilled workmen in fine lace and delicate fabrics, who do the work in their own houses. It is the plan to select cheap but good land at some distance from a railroad, but near this city, where the weavers can not be interfered with, and to divide it into lots large enough for a house and garden. The women do the house and out-door work, as the men, who weave, are obliged to keep their hands in suitable condition for the delicate work.

A Russian medical journal has an article upon the beneficial results of singing as a healthful exercise. It is based upon the examination of a number of singers between the ages of nine and fifty-three. Experiments seem to prove "that the relative and even the absolute circumference of the chest is greater among singers than among those who do not sing, and that it increases with the growth and age of the singer." Thus the practice of singing as introduced and practiced in most of our public schools is not only a pleasant recreation for the children, but promotive of their health and vigor.

Punch believes some fitting public monument should be erected "in thankful commemoration of the close of the Zulu war, unnecessary, costly, and at first disastrous." He therefore supplies the inscription for its face, in which the advantages of this war are detailed, and which ends as follows:

It was wound up by the capture
of the Fattest Savage south of the Equator,
thus closing a fallacious policy
by the acquisition of a new and permanent attraction
at the Aquarium,
while bringing home,
to the profound satisfaction of the British Tax-payer,
to be rewarded with a Statue at Madame Tussaud's,
the Great Proconsul of His Time.
A grateful Country,
willing to acknowledge in the midst of much
misfortune
one undisputed public benefit,
has raised this Monument
in Memory
of one of the Costliest Blunders
of Modern Times.

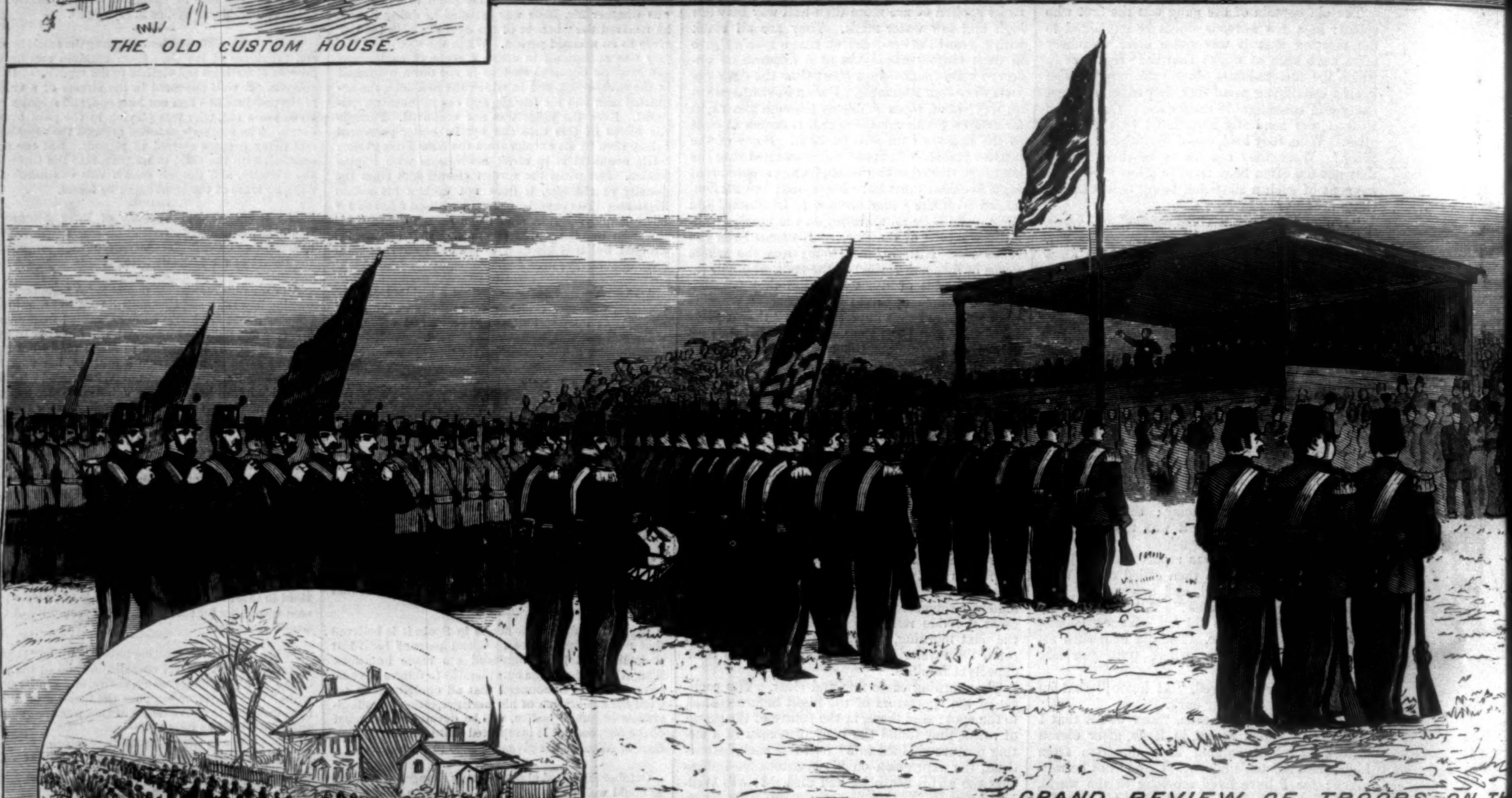
Creedmoor, as the best known of American rifle ranges, will retain the popular favor; but Brinton has begun to attract the attention of riflemen in general. It is an official range for the New Jersey National Guard. The recent meeting of the New Jersey Rifle Association lasted four days, and presented a varied programme, attractive to the local teams as well as to outsiders.

From a sketch of "Dr. Joseph P. Thompson's Last Days" in the *Independent*, we gather some items which will be read with interest by those who knew him personally or through his writings. During the last few weeks of his life, when suffering much from pain and weariness, he still continued his literary and religious work, more anxious than ever to have it faithfully done. He carefully read the proof of an essay entitled "What is Religion?" which he had prepared for the *British Quarterly Review*; and when, being too feeble to write with his own hand, he dictated a long article upon a topic with which he was perfectly familiar, he read it to competent critics, that every inaccuracy might be corrected. At the request of the American Board, he prepared a memorial to be laid before the Evangelical Alliance which recently met at Basle. He had hoped to be able to urge the Alliance in person to adopt measures for securing absolute religious freedom throughout the Austro-Hungarian Empire. This, of course, he was unable to do; but the reading of the memorial aroused the Alliance to a sense of the wrong done to Protestant Christians in Austria in the trespasses upon their religious liberties, and a deputation of influential men of different nations was appointed to wait upon the Emperor of Austria and invoke redress. Dr. Thompson was much gratified, and looking at his helpless arm, exclaimed, "This old hand has struck one more blow for liberty."

Dr. Thompson's remains were buried in Berlin, by his own directions. A plot of ground was selected in the cemetery of the Jerusalem Church, which fronts on Belle Alliance Strasse, and there they repose under the shade of lindens and locusts, not far from the grave of Mendelssohn.

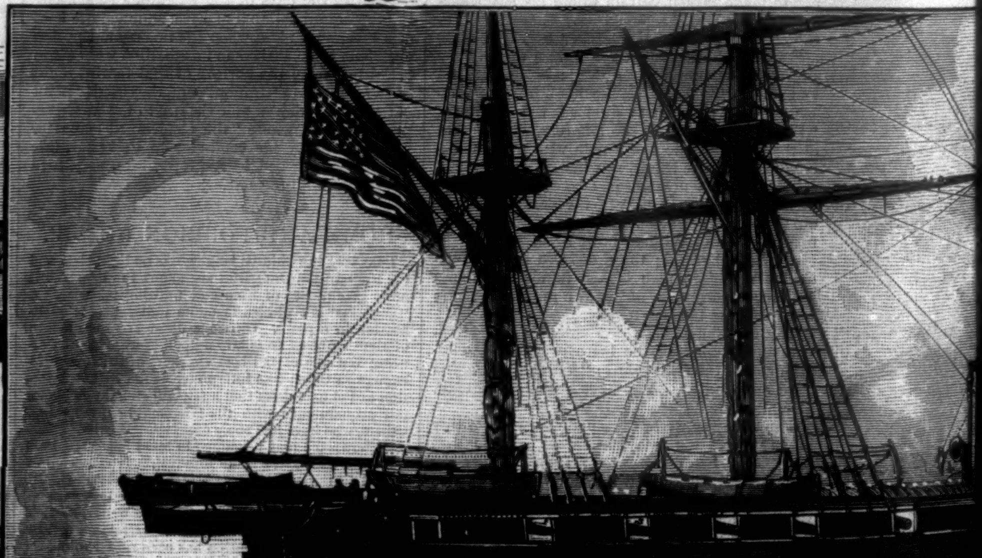
THE OLD CUSTOM HOUSE.

VIEW OF THE FLEET FROM YORKTOWN HEIGHTS.

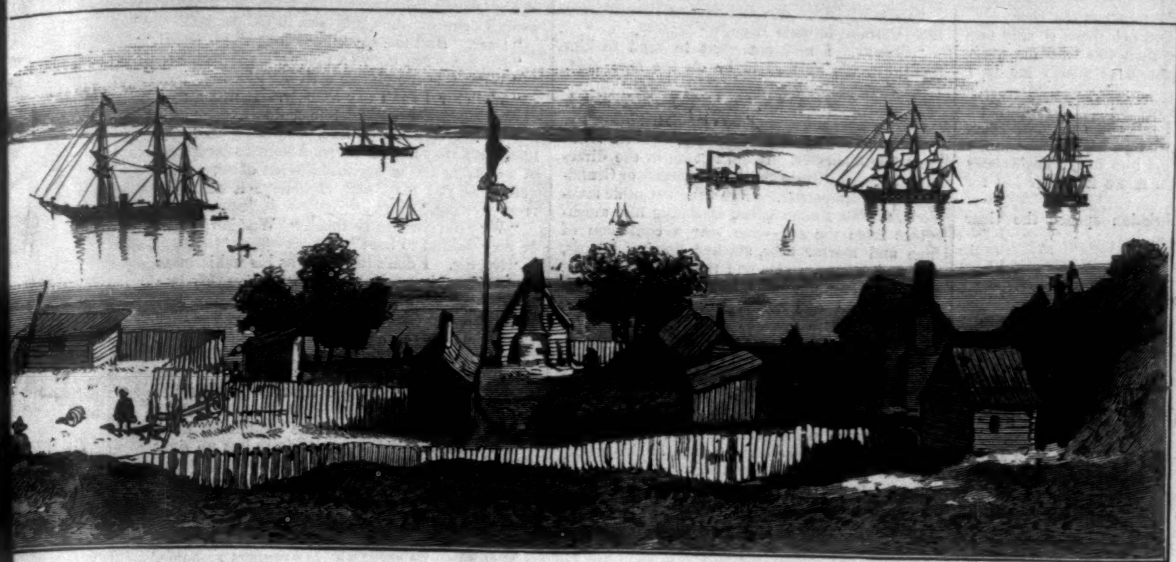

GRAND REVIEW OF TROOPS ON TH

THE BARBECUE.

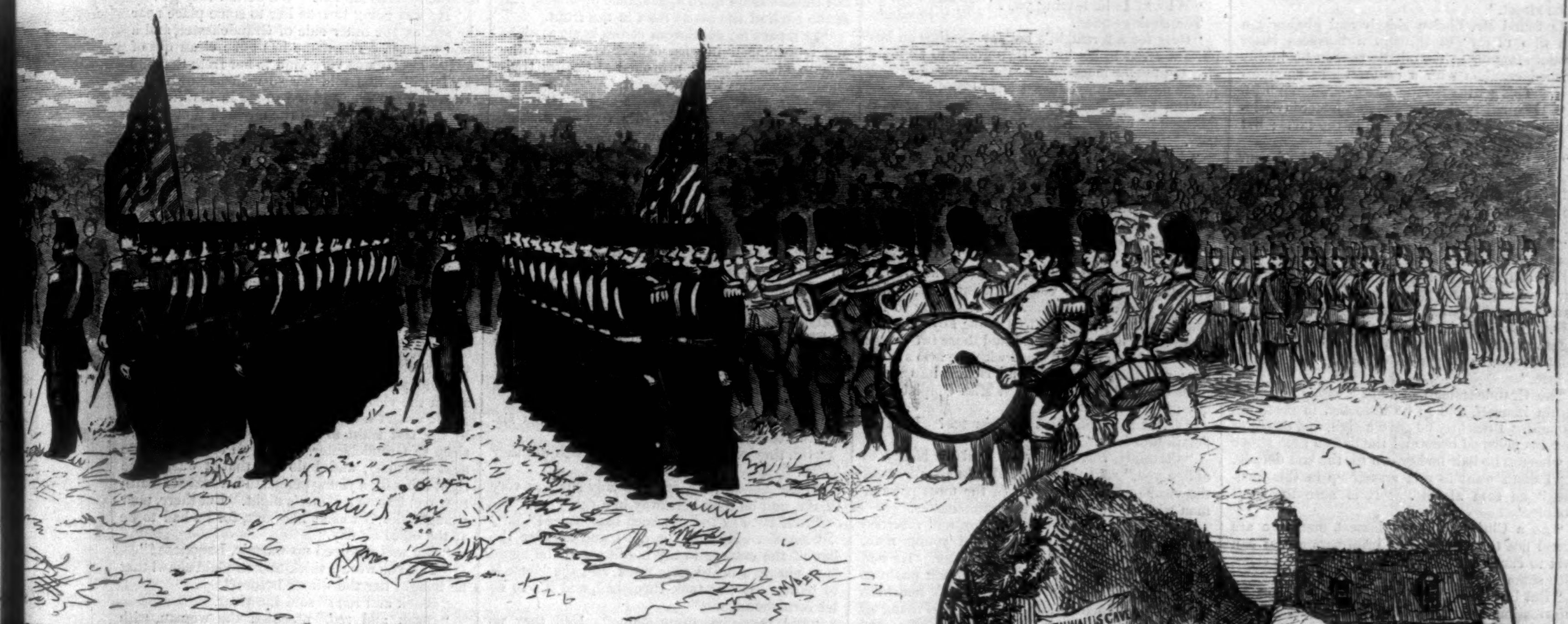
THE PROCESSION ON ITS WAY FROM THE LANDING.


THE FLAG-SHIP POWHATA

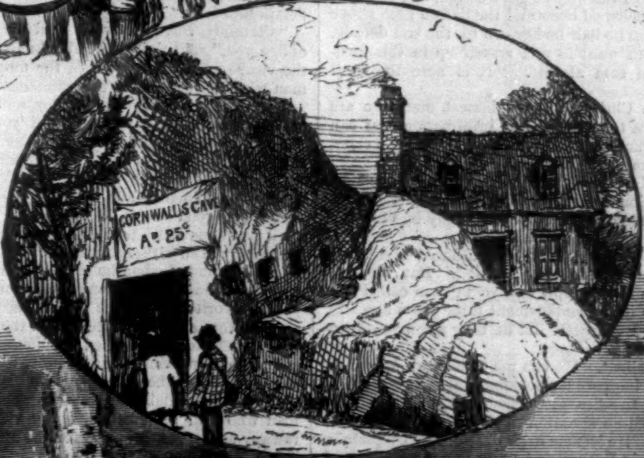
THE CELEBRATION AT YORKTOWN.—From

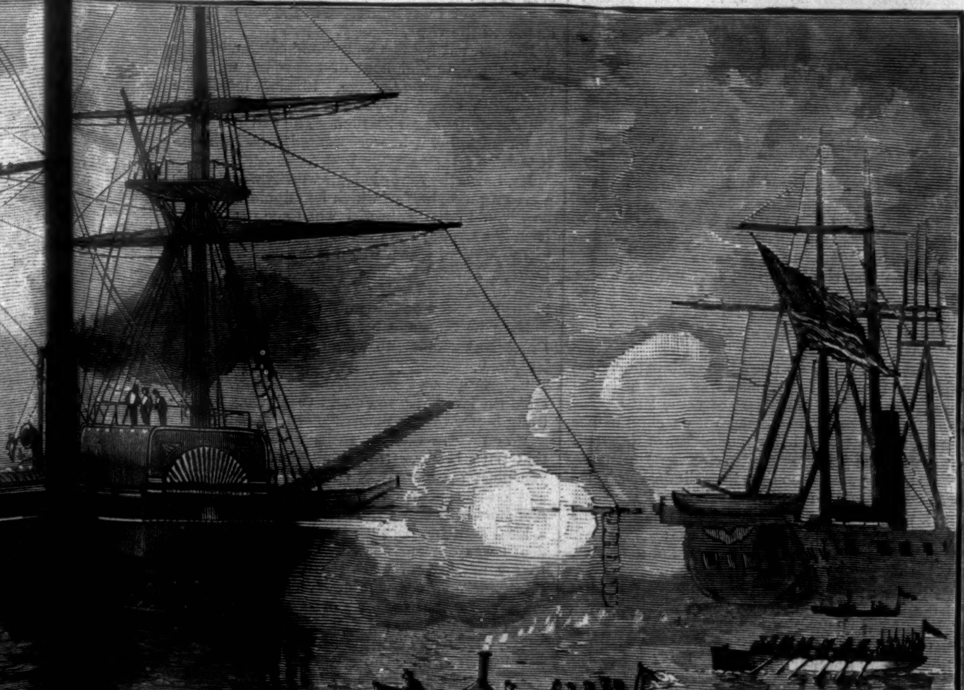


THE OLD NELSON MANSION.

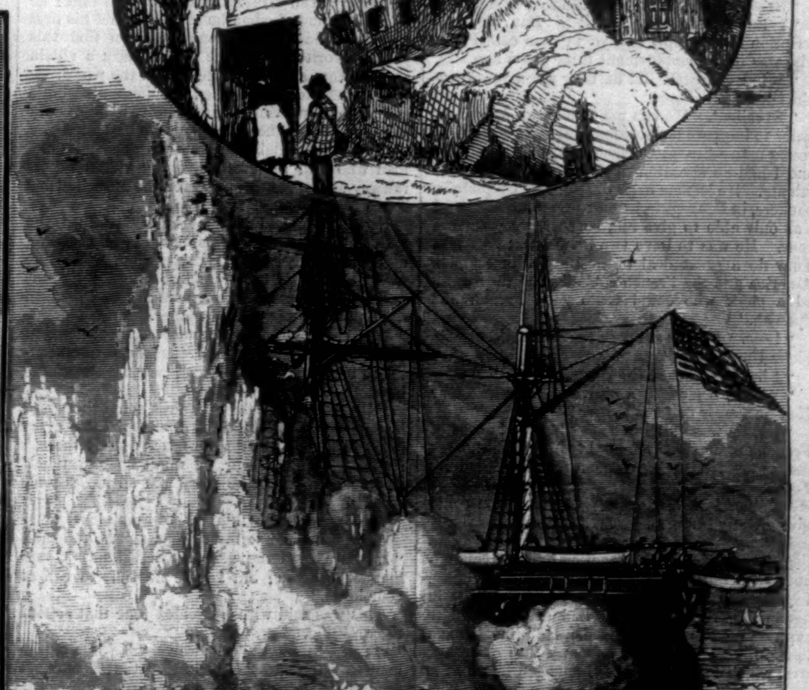


…N THE OLD RAMPARTS ABOUT YORKTOWN.





…TING THE GOVERNORS.



TORPEDO PRACTICE.

—From …ches by J. O. Davidson.—[See Page 911.]

GEORGE CAULFIELD'S JOURNEY.

By MISS BRADDON.

CHAPTER III.

STAGE THE FIRST.

While George Caulfield was talking to his mother, the vicar of Freshmead was plodding up and down the streets of Grandchester, eager, hopeful, determined to unravel the tangled skein of the nameless woman's fate. Who was she? what was she? Had she actually been murdered? and if so, for what reason? Who was the gainer by her death? and in what way?

Mr. Leworthy started at an advantage. Everybody in Grandchester knew him, and he knew everybody. The police were ready to confide in him freely. The local magistrates would be glad to help him. But on this occasion he was inclined to rely on his own wits. The police were at work for Mr. Brockbank's client. If they succeeded, well and good. But the vicar was not going to work with them.

His first visit was to the office of a daily paper, where he handed in the following advertisement: "Missing, since November 30, a young lady; when last seen she wore a Rob Roy tartan shawl, a brown straw hat, and blue gauze vail. Any one affording information will be handsomely rewarded on applying to E. L., care of Mr. Brockbank, solicitor, Deansgate."

This advertisement Mr. Leworthy took to the three local dailies.

His next visit was to Mr. Elsden, of Briergate.

"A man would hardly make use of another man's card unless he had some business or social relations with that other man," reflected the vicar, as he tramped along, sturdy in bearing, determined in step. "A man does not pick up a visiting-card in the street."

He found Mr. Elsden elderly and plethoric, a man who rarely got through a business letter without stopping in the middle to mop his highly polished cranium with a crimson silk handkerchief. This gentleman was amiable, but not brilliant. He had read the report of yesterday's inquest, and was therefore posted in the facts; but he had no ideas to offer.

"How did that young man get hold of your card?" asked the vicar. "He must have picked it up in some illegitimate way, unless he is among the number of your personal acquaintance."

Mr. Elsden gave a supercilious laugh.

"I hope my friendships do not lie among secret murderers," he said.

"Of course, we all hope that, naturally, but one can never tell. My friend describes this young man as of gentlemanly appearance and good manners. Good-looking, too, quite an interesting countenance; pale, with dark eyes, silky brown mustache—what is generally called a poetic style of face."

The Grandchester merchant seemed to retire within himself, and to be absorbed in profound thought. Presently he gave a sigh, and began to mop his polished brow and the barren arch above it, whereon no hair had grown for the last decade.

"I don't want to mix myself up in this business," he said at last. "It is sure to entail trouble."

"As a Christian, as an honest man, you are bound not to withhold any information that can tend to exculpate the innocent," urged the vicar, with some warmth.

"But how do I know that I can give any such information?" demanded Mr. Elsden, testily. "If I give utterance to my ideas, I may be only putting you on a false scent."

"Better hazard that than withhold anything."

"I know absolutely nothing. But your description might apply to a young man called Foy, who was in my employment three years ago."

"What character did he bear when you knew him?"

"Excellent. He left me of his own accord, in order to improve his position. He was a talented young man—first-rate accountant, good linguist—and I had no situation to give him worthy of his talents. He left me to go to Kibble & Umpleby's, packers, in Deansgate, as corresponding clerk. I was only able to give him seventy-five pounds a year. He was to have two hundred at Kibble's. They do a great deal of business with Spanish America and the French colonies, and they wanted a clerk who could write good French and Spanish."

"I see. Do you suppose that he is still at Kibble & Umpleby's?"

"I have not heard the contrary."

"Was this Mr. Foy a native of Grandchester? Had be family or friends here?"

"No, he was quite alone. I believe he was of French extraction. He used to boast that he was descended from some famous family called De Foix."

"I should be very grateful to you if you could give me any further information about this young man."

"What kind of information? My acquaintance with him never extended beyond my office. I know that he was clever. He was regular in his business habits, and I had every reason to suppose he was well behaved. He brought me a letter of recommendation from a firm at Lyons, with which I do business. I engaged him on the strength of that letter."

"I see. Then he was a stranger in Grandchester. Something you can tell me, however—the house in which he lodged while he was in your employment. You must have known his address then."

"Certainly," replied Mr. Elsden; and then he put his lips to an ivory mouth-piece, and murmured some order down a gutta-percha tube.

Five minutes afterward a clerk appeared with a slip of paper, which he laid before his employer.

"That is the address, Sir."

Mr. Elsden handed the paper to the vicar.

"There it is, Sir. You see there is only one address, and the young man was with me nearly two years—an indication of steady habits, I think."

"No doubt. I dare say Mr. Foy is a most estimable person. But I must find the dark-eyed, pale-faced young man who gave your card to my friend, and whether I find him in Mr. Foy's shoes or in anybody else's, I'll make it rather hot for him."

And with this unchristian speech the vicar took leave of Mr. Elsden.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MYSTERY OF ROSE COTTAGE.

Mr. Leworthy's next call was at Kibble & Umpleby's. Here he acted with greater subtlety. He asked to see the head clerk, and informed that gentleman that he had been recommended to apply there for a small service which he had been unable to get done anywhere else. He wanted a letter written to a correspondent at Cadiz, and he had not found anybody in Grandchester who knew enough Spanish to write such a letter for him. He had particular reasons for not writing in French or English, as his communication was of a strictly private character, and the gentleman to whom he had occasion to write understood no language but his own.

"I am told you have a clerk who is a first-rate Spanish scholar," Mr. Leworthy said in conclusion.

"Quite true, Sir. Our foreign clerk, Mr. Foy, knows Spanish as well as he knows French, and can write you as good a letter in Italian or Portuguese as in either. It's rather lucky you looked in this morning, though. To-morrow would have been too late."

"Why? Is he leaving you?"

The clerk grinned.

"Only for a fortnight's holiday—rather an important event in his life. He's going to be married to-morrow morning—to the daughter of our junior partner, the youngest Miss Umpleby."

"Oh, he is going to be married to-morrow morning! I congratulate him—and the young lady. Has it been a long engagement?"

"A year and a half. The old gentleman was very much against it at the first—thought his daughter might have looked higher—as of course she might, though she's one of a large family. But the firm had been pleased with the young man, and the young man had got a footing in the firm's houses, which is more than the common ruck of us do—unless it's a bit of a kick-up at Christmas-time, in a condescending way, which we may appreciate or may not, according to the bent of our minds. But this young Foy is musical, and he's half a foreigner, and those two things have stood him in good stead with the firm's families; and the upshot of it all is that he's going to be married to the youngest Miss Umpleby the day after to-morrow."

"Could I see him for a few minutes? I shan't detain him long."

"Certainly, Sir. I'm sure he'll be happy to oblige you," said the clerk, who knew all about the vicar of Freshmead, one of the most popular men within twenty miles of Grandchester.

The clerk went to fetch Mr. Foy, and returned presently with that accomplished young man. The vicar was a student of character. He had not spent all his days amidst the green pastures of Freshmead. Seven years of his life had been devoted to preaching and teaching, and doing all manner of good works, in one of the vilest and most populous districts of East London. He had had plenty to do with scoundrelism in his time; he knew a scoundrel when he saw one; and his first glance at Gaston Foy convinced him that this young favorite of fortune was as dark a villain as ever wore a smooth face to gull the world.

Yes, despite his polished manners, his gentle and insinuating smile, and the oily blandness of his *legato* tones, the vicar made up his mind that this was the villain he wanted. This was the man who had brought his dying victim to the railway station, and transferred the burden of his crime to a stranger.

George Caulfield had minutely described the man's appearance, and this man, in every feature, corresponded with that description. That he seemed perfectly happy and at ease did not surprise Mr. Leworthy. To a creature of this kind dissimulation was second nature.

The vicar stated his business, and sat down at the clerk's desk to write a rough draft of the letter to be translated, but after writing a sentence he stopped abruptly.

"It's a business that requires some thought," he said. "If you'll look in at my hotel this evening, and let me dictate the letter quietly there, I shall esteem it a favor. I won't keep you half an hour, and you'll be doing me an inestimable service."

Mr. Foy looked at him rather suspiciously.

"My time is not my own just now," he said. "If you'll send me your letter, I'll put it into Spanish for you; but I have no time to call at your hotel."

This was said with a decided tone that settled the question.

"I see," thought the vicar. "He is not the man to walk into any little trap that I may set for him."

"I'll send the letter to your private address this evening," he said.

"You had better send it here. I live a little way out of Grandchester."

The vicar assented, wished Mr. Foy "Good-morning," and went away. Ten minutes afterward he went back to Kibble & Umpleby's, saw the clerk he had seen first, and said:

"I may as well have Mr. Foy's address, in case I shouldn't be able to get my letter written before he leaves business."

"Certainly, Sir. Mr. Foy lives at Parminter—Rose Cottage, Lawson Lane."

"Thanks. I may not want to send to him there, but it's as well to be on the safe side. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, Sir," said the clerk aloud. "Fidgety old gentleman," he ejaculated inwardly.

Parminter was a rustic village seven miles from Grandchester. It did not lie in the direction affected by Grandchester merchants or Grandchester trades-people. Here were no Gothic mansions, no fair Italian villas, springing like mushrooms from the soil—one year a confusion of lime and mortar tubs, stacked flooring boards, and rough-hewn stone, and the next all smiling amongst geranium beds and ribbon bordering, velvet lawns and newly planted shrubberies. None of the commercial wealth of Grandchester had found its way to Parminter. The village was still a village—a mere cluster of laborers' cottages, two or three old homesteads, and half a dozen small dwellings of a shabby-genteel type.

Among these last was Rose Cottage, a small, square house with plaster walls, bright with greenery and scarlet berries, even in this wintry season. A bow-window below, rustic lattices above. Just such a house as a man with considerable taste and an inconsiderable income would choose for himself. The small garden in front of the bow-window was in admirable order, yet the place had a deserted look somehow, Mr. Leworthy thought, as he rang the bell.

He rang once, twice, three times, with no more effect than if Rose Cottage had been a toy-house inhabited by Dutch dolls. This was aggravating. There was a meadow on one side of the cottage, where half a dozen sheep were browsing contentedly. The vicar climbed the hurdle which divided this pasture from Lawson Lane, and went round to the back of the cottage. Here there was a small garden neatly and tastefully laid out, but there was no more appearance of human life at the back of the house than in the front.

"I suppose my gentleman comes home at night and lets himself in with a latch-key," the vicar said to himself, much provoked at having travelled seven miles without result.

He was climbing the hurdle on his return to the lane, when a small girl in a very short skirt, a girl of timid aspect, carrying a beer jug, dropped him a courtesy, and said:

"Please, Sir, was it you a-ringing of that bell just now?"

"Was it me?" ejaculated the vicar, impatiently. "Yes, it were."

And then, smiling on the small girl, for he had a heart large enough for ever so many parishes of children, he said:

"I am not vexed with you, my dear; I am angry with Fate. Tell me all you know about that cottage, and I'll give you half a crown."

The girl gasped. She had never possessed a half crown, but she had an idea it meant abundance. Her father counted his wages by half crowns, and there were not many in a week's wage.

"Please, Sir, Mr. Foy lived there with his sister, but they've left."

"Oh, they've left, have they? When did they leave?"

"Last Monday, Sir, and the lady she was very ill, Sir, and he took her away in a cab."

"And Mr. Foy has not been back since?"

"No, Sir. He left for good, and he give the key of the cottage to my mother, and the agent is to put up a board next week, and the house is to be let. It was took furnished, and it's to be let furnished again."

"Did they live quite alone? Had they no servant?"

"No, Sir, never no reg'lar servant. Mother used to do the cleaning twice a week. Mother's very sorry they be gone. They was good to mother."

"How long had they lived there?"

"Nigh upon a year."

"And the lady was Mr. Foy's sister?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And now take me to your mother."

The girl looked wistfully at the jug.

"If you please, I was to fetch father's beer, Sir."

"I see. And if you don't, father will be angry?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then you shall go—but first tell me where your mother lives."

The child pointed down Lawson Lane. "It's the last cottage, Sir."

"All right."

Just where the lane straggled off into ploughed fields and open country, there was a row of laborers' cottages, and in the last of these Mr. Leworthy found a plaintive woman with a child in her arms, who owned to being the mother of the small girl with the jug.

The vicar wasted no time in preliminaries. He seated himself on an almost bottomless chair, and, with his stout umbrella planted between his knees, interrogated the matron thus:

"You used to work for Mr. Foy and his sister. What do you know about them?"

"Only that they paid me honorable for what I did, Sir. I'm bound to up and say that, whoever asks me."

"Good. Did they live happily together as—brother and sister?"

Here the matron began to hesitate. She shifted her baby from one arm to the other. She gave a deprecating cough.

"I see. They quarrelled sometimes."

"I never see 'em, Sir, for I scarce ever see Mr. Foy. He was off to Grandchester before I went of a morning, and he didn't come back till after I left. I used to go for the half day, you see, Sir, not the whole day. But I don't think the young lady was quite happy in her mind. I've seen her fretting, and people will talk, you see, Sir—neighbors next door to Rose Cottage have heard them at high words, in summer-time, when the winders was all open, or when they was in the garden."

"I see. Had the sister been long ill?"

"No, Sir. Not above a month."

"What was the matter with her?"

"Well, Sir, I can't say azackly. It was a sort of wasting sickness like. She couldn't keep nothing on her stomach of late, poor dear; and she had pains that racked her, and used to complain of a burning feel in her throat—out of sorts altogether, as you may say. I believe it all came from fretting."

"Why did she fret so much? Was her brother very unkind to her?"

"No, Sir. I don't think it was his unkindness that worried her. But he used to keep very late hours—hardly ever coming home till the last train, and that worried her. Not that he was ever the worse for drink. He was the soberest young man as ever was; but she was of a jealous disposition, and the thought that he was out enjoying himself with other people used to prey on her mind."

"That was hardly fair, if he treated her kindly when he was at home. A sister has no right to be jealous of a brother."

"Perhaps not, Sir; but jealous she was, and fret she did. 'I've nobody but him in the world, Mrs. Moff,' she said—my name being Moff—'and I can't bear him to be always away. There was a time when he spent all his evenings at home.' And then the tears would roll down her poor holler cheeks, and it went to my 'eart to see her so miserable. I had a feller-feeling, you see, Sir, for I know how it worrits me when my master stops late at the 'Coach and Horses' on a Saturday night."

"Ah, but it's different with a husband. A wife has a right to be exacting—not a sister. Now tell me how they left the place, and all about it. I'm interested in this poor girl, and perhaps I may be able to befriend her. Where did they go?"

"He was going to take her to some place near the sea, on the other side of Grandchester, and a good way off. The name has gone clean out of my head. He was very kind to her from the time she fell ill. She told me so with her own lips. 'Gaston was never so kind to me in his life,' she says. He fancied it was the air here that didn't agree with her, she told me, and it is rather a relaxin' air, Sir. I feel it so sometimes myself; and if it wasn't for my drop of beer, I should go off in a dead faint."

"What kind of a young woman was Miss Foy? Was she like her brother?"

"No, Sir, she were not. I never laid eyes on a brother and sister more unsimilar. She had been very pretty, there's no denying that, but her nervous worriting ways had that worn and preyed upon her that she was old and 'aggard before her time. She had light brown hair, and a fair skin, and blue eyes, and I dessay she had been a pretty figure before she wasted away like, but her 'ealth were never good from the time I knew her."

"Did you see her the day she went away?" asked the vicar.

"It wasn't a day, Sir. She went late at night, by the last train to Grandchester. She was to sleep in Grandchester, and go on to the sea-side next morning; and I do say that it wasn't the right thing for a young person in her state of 'ealth to travel late on a winter's night. But there, poor young feller, it wasn't his fault, for he had to be at the office all day."

"She was wrapped up warmly, I suppose?"

"Yes, she wore a thick Scotch plaid shawl that he bought her the winter before."

"Black and red?" said the vicar.

"Black and red," assented the woman, with some astonishment. "One would think you'd seen it, Sir."

"I told you I was interested in the young lady," answered the vicar, vaguely.

He took out his memorandum-book, and wrote down the date and hour of the young woman's removal from Rose Cottage. She had left in the one cab that plied between Parminter village and the Parminter Road Station. The cabman could be forth-coming if he were wanted, Mrs. Moff protested.

Mr. Leworthy rewarded this worthy woman with a crown piece, half of which he stipulated was to be given to the little girl when she came home from her errand, and then he walked briskly back to the station, which was a good half mile from Lawson Lane. He was lucky enough to get a train in less than half an hour, and he was back in Grandchester at three o'clock in the afternoon.

Here he took a cab and drove staight to Mr. Brockbank's office, to whom he imparted all he had done.

"Upon my soul, you're a clever fellow, vicar!" cried the lawyer; "you ought to have been something better than a parson."

"You mean I ought to have been something that pays better. Now look here, Brockbank, you must start off to Milldale by the first train, and get the coroner to order a *post-mortem*. 'No *post-mortem* necessary,' forsooth, said that fool of a local surgeon, because the immediate cause of death was obviously laudanum. Why, it's clear to my mind, from what I've heard to-day, that this poor creature was slowly done to death by arsenic, and that the dose of laudanum was only given at the last to accelerate the end."

Mr. Brockbank saw the force of this argument, and looked at once to his railway time-table.

"There's a train at 4.30," he said; "I can go by that. And now what are you going to do?"

"I shall call on Mr. Umpleby, and try and stop to-morrow's wedding."

"What motive can this Foy have had for getting rid of his sister?" speculated the lawyer.

"Very little motive, I should imagine, for getting rid of a sister. But what if the young woman was something more difficult to dispose of than a sister? What if she was his wife? These two young people lived quite alone in a country lane. It was easy for them to live as man and wife, yet

pass for brother and sister. The char-woman's account shows that the poor girl was jealous and unhappy. She fretted on account of Foy's late hours. They were overheard quarrelling. Take my word for it, Brockbank, that unfortunate young woman was a wife—a wife of whom Mr. Foy grew mortally tired when he found that it was on the cards for him to marry Miss Umpleby, with a handsome dowry, and the prospect of rapid advancement in the house. Now I want you to set one of your clerks at work, without an hour's delay, to hunt up the evidence of such a marriage, either in a church or at a registry office."

"It shall be done," said Brockbank. "Anything more?"

"Only this much. I have written an advertisement which will appear to-morrow in the three local dailies."

He read the draft of his advertisement. "This may bring us information as to the next stage in that poor young woman's journey after she left Parminter," he said.

"Possibly. You really are a genius in the art of hunting a criminal."

"No, Sir, I am only thorough. I would do a good deal more than this to help any one I love. Now I'm off. I dare say you've some business to get through before you start for Milldale."

"Only half a dozen letters to dictate," answered the lawyer, lightly, and then he put his lips to a speaking-tube and gave an order.

"Send up the short-hand clerk, and have a cab at the door at a quarter past four."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YORKTOWN'S GREAT CELEBRATION.

WARFARE has a way of thrusting greatness upon places that otherwise would never be known to fame. Without the slaughter of LEONIDAS's Spartan band, Thermopylæ would have remained an ordinary mountain pass. Without the surrender of CORNWALLIS, Yorktown, with its 250 inhabitants, its one hotel and half a dozen stores, would rank among the most insignificant of insignificant Virginian towns. But CORNWALLIS did surrender at Yorktown; here, as every school-boy knows, took place "the crowning event of the Revolutionary war." The little town has a historical importance eclipsing that of our greatest cities, and Yorktown's name will ring not only as long as our great republic has an existence, but until every record of its having been has perished off the face of the earth.

During the rejoicings of our Centennial year Yorktown was compelled to hold its peace, for its time had not yet come. It might be suggested that neither has its time come now; but apparently restraint was no longer possible. When its ninety-eighth anniversary began to approach, patriotic feeling swelled to such an extent as to suggest to the inhabitants of the Old Dominion that a commemorative celebration might be arranged that should not only be brilliant in itself, but give additional interest to the great Centennial to take place in 1881. For months past the citizens of Virginia have been giving the greatest attention to the scheme. Early in September the people of York County held a meeting to make arrangements. Dr. R. H. POWER, of York County, was made permanent chairman, and committees on arrangements and finance were appointed. At a later meeting Governor HOLLIDAY, of Virginia, and Mr. J. B. HOPE, of the Norfolk *Plaindealer*, who had been appointed orator and poet, both resigned on account of pressing duties, and General WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO was appointed orator, and Mr. HOPE consented to give a short address. Later on, Governor HOYT, of Pennsylvania, wrote an open letter to Governor HOLLIDAY, speaking of the national importance of the celebration, and inviting the Governors of the thirteen original States to meet and consult in Philadelphia. On the 18th of October the Governors or their representatives met, and after speech-making in Independence Hall, resolved to assist in making the celebration worthy of the event. The 23d of October was selected as an auspicious day, and the people held enthusiastic meetings and planned the programme.

Fortunately for all concerned, when the important day arrived, the weather, though at first fretful and capricious, concluded finally to favor Yorktown's celebration. Clouds and showers checkered the morning's enjoyment, but by noon there was no question of a clear and balmy atmosphere. At an early hour the people from the surrounding counties began to arrive, and soon there were several thousands gathered in the town and its immediate vicinity. The first and main objects of interest were the war ships comprising the North Atlantic squadron, which swung easily at anchor on the York River, their prows pointing up the stream. The bluffs and remnants of old Revolutionary earth-works overlooking the river were soon dotted with people gazing eagerly at the fleet. At eight o'clock they witnessed the ceremony of dressing the ships, which was performed as if by magic. In the twinkling of an eye the national flag floated from the head of every mast in the fleet, and the band on the flag-ship struck up the "Star-spangled Banner." The *Powhatan*, flying the pennant of Rear-Admiral WEYMAN, was an object of special interest. The *Kearsarge*, on account of her battle with the cruiser *Alabama*, also came in for a share of attention. Besides these, there were the *Marion*, *Saratoga*, and *Portsmouth*.

Noon was the hour at which a national salute, fired from the *Powhatan*, announced that the ceremonies were about to begin. A few minutes later the steam-yacht *Ocean Gem* moved up to the wharf, having on board Governor HOLLIDAY and staff, of Virginia; Adjutant-General LATTA, of Pennsylvania; W. L. LINCOLN, of Massachusetts; General CAMERON, of Connecticut; and others. By this time the visiting military had arrived, and were formed in line to receive his Excellency. Upon landing, the Governor was met by Dr. POWER, President of the Centennial Commission, and presented to Admiral WYMAN, General GETTY, and the officers present, when the line of march was taken up for the speakers' stand. During the progress of the procession a most laughable incident was witnessed by our artist, whose spirited sketches this article is designed to accompany. Among the many vehicles collected along the route was a large rockaway, having on its side in gilt letters the words "Eastern Lunatic Asylum." Whether one of the patients of the institution had been installed as driver it is impossible to say, but this conveyance was observed to fall in line directly behind the Governor's carriage, and mounted the bluff in that conspicuous position. Several by-standers, noting the inviting comfort of the cushioned seats, sprang into it, unaware of the character they were giving themselves. When the discovery was made, there was a speedy exit. The objective point of the procession was the grand stand, placed on a mound of the old Revolutionary earth-works, and facing the northwest at the head of McClellan Avenue. This structure was occupied to its utmost capacity by the prominent personages present, with the reception committee. To the right the battalion of the regular army was placed in company column; resting on them, and facing the stand, were the marines; next came the Norfolk Light Artillery Blues; on their left, the Peninsula Guards of Hampton; and on the extreme left, the Portsmouth Light Infantry. There being no room for the remainder of the troops in the line surrounding the stand, they were allowed to stack arms, break ranks, and mingle with the spectators, who covered almost the entire space of several acres in front of the stand. Besides the troops, visitors to the number of 5000 or 6000 had gathered to hear the addresses. These were preceded by an appropriate prayer, offered by the Rev. Dr. O. E. HERRICK, Post Chaplain of the United States Army, after which Governor HOLLIDAY was introduced by Dr. POWER.

The Governor's address was one of cordial welcome to the people of Virginia. He alluded to the fact that the great event which virtually closed the Revolution had taken place on their soil, and then spoke of the present celebration as but preliminary to the day, two years hence, when the people of all the States would gather in hosts upon the spot, which is to them, in common with France, their great ally, a heritage of fame, and would invite the world to witness how they value the virtue and the valor of the men who won the victory, and how they appreciate its wonderful results. Governor HOLLIDAY, at the conclusion of his address, made way for General TALIAFERRO, the orator of the day. This gentleman is a native of Gloucester County, and played a prominent part in the late war. He is a fluent speaker, and delivered a stirring oration, taking up the struggle for independence in its earliest stages, and following it carefully, until the final scenes upon the plains of Yorktown, which he vividly portrayed. He paid a high tribute to the courage and heroism of the Continental army, while not forgetting to render full justice to the noble conduct of the gallant officers and soldiers of the French allies. General TALIAFERRO's address occupied two hours, and he was followed by Captain HOPE, of Norfolk, Mr. JAMES GOODE, and other speakers. One amusing address came from Major BEAMISH, an officer in the English army, who has been travelling in our country during the summer and autumn. He told the people of Yorktown that he did not want to rob them of their honors, which had been fairly won, as both the British and Americans win them, at the point of the bayonet. He hoped that British and American bayonets would never again be crossed in strife, but be combined together against a common foe. He had met nothing but the greatest kindness and hospitality in his sojourn here, and had found from personal experience that his former impressions of the country had undergone a radical change. A series of resolutions was then adopted, asking Congressman GOODE to urge upon Congress the erection of a monument on the site of the surrender, to commemorate the event. Dr. POWER then invited the military and other guests to participate in a barbecue, which was served on the lawn in front of the Nelson House, and was greatly enjoyed.

Yorktown's famous victory, the centennial celebration of which will be something unusually imposing if we may judge by the enthusiasm displayed on this preliminary occasion, was led up to by an admirable piece of strategy on the part of WASHINGTON, and a misconception on that of CORNWALLIS of his enemy's strength. In 1781, CORNWALLIS, after a victorious campaign in the Carolinas, was ravaging Virginia, when he was suddenly recalled to the sea-coast by an order from Sir HENRY CLINTON, who, being apprehensive that the Americans and French meditated an attack on New York, and fearing that he was not in sufficient force to resist them, had directed CORNWALLIS to embark 3000 of his troops to join his garrison at New York. That general, intent on obeying the mandate, marched with his troops to Portsmouth, where he received orders to retain his troops. CLINTON, having received a re-enforcement of 3000 from another quarter, believed that he could dispense with further aid, and ordered CORNWALLIS to remain in Virginia, but to keep near the sea-coast. CORNWALLIS accordingly sent his engineers to view, first, Old Point (where Fortress Monroe now is), and then Yorktown. The latter was selected as the most eligible for offensive and defensive operations. A part of CORNWALLIS's army accordingly proceeded up the York River in transports and boats, and took possession of Yorktown and Gloucester Point on the 1st of September. On the 20th the evacuation of Portsmouth was completed. CORNWALLIS constructed a line of works completely around Yorktown, and also extended a line of intrenchments across the peninsula in the rear of Gloucester. All this time LAFAYETTE was within a few miles of CORNWALLIS, but dared not strike a blow. Instead of attacking New York, as expected, WASHINGTON, having secured the co-operation of the French fleet, with admirable strategy slipped away from the vicinity of New York. The French fleet blockaded the mouth of York River, and landed re-enforcements for LAFAYETTE. The combined armies moved from Williamsburg on the 25th of September, and in three days more were all collected in the vicinity of Yorktown, where they immediately prepared for a siege. The allied French and Americans, without the Virginia militia, numbered about 15,000. CORNWALLIS's force was about 8000. On September 27 the first line of circumvallation was formed, and by October 9 the place was completely invested. On the 11th the second parallel was formed, and in the next few days irregular engagements were not infrequent. CORNWALLIS now became anxious. He was cut off by water by the French ships, by land he was completely invested, and his hoped-for aid from CLINTON came not. On the 16th of October the battle was in full vigor, over one hundred heavy guns were in action, red-hot shot set the houses and British ships on fire. Become desperate, CORNWALLIS, on the night of the 16th, tried to escape by crossing the river, but his plans were in vain. At ten o'clock on the morning of the 17th the British sent a flag of truce asking for a cessation of action, and on the 19th of October, as the first courier dispatch ran, "Lieutenant-General Earl CORNWALLIS, with 7000 troops, surrendered prisoners of war to his Excellency General GEORGE WASHINGTON, Commander-in-Chief of the allied forces of France and America. *Laus Deo!*" This virtually ended the War of Independence.

At present the ground about Yorktown presents the same general features that it did during the Revolution. Few changes have occurred, and many of the old works are still in a remarkable state of preservation. Where newer and larger ones appear, they are those thrown up by the Confederates, and strengthened by the United States authorities during the late war. One of the most interesting of the old relics of Revolutionary days is the famous Nelson House, formerly the property of Governor NELSON, and now held by members of the family. It is a large square structure, built of the old-fashioned English brick, each alternate one glazed. In this house CORNWALLIS had his head-quarters during the siege. During the bombardment Governor NELSON offered a guinea for every shell put in his own house, and its eastern face shows several marks of cannon-balls, besides the place where one went in and shattered the fire-place in one of the main rooms of the building. Another and much finer house, the property of Secretary NELSON, was entirely destroyed during the bombardment. It stood nearer the river, and just back of the interior lines of defense, the ramparts of which are yet to be seen in the rear of the new works made in the late war. Next to the Nelson House stands an old brick building, for many years used as the County Court-house, which is only second to it in historical interest, for it was, strange to tell, the first custom-house built in the United States!

Just north of Yorktown, in the bluff, and a little east of the steamboat landing, which brings visitors to the place, is the famous Cornwallis Cave. During the war for the Union a traverse was thrown up across it, and it was used as a magazine. This traverse has now been cut away so as to expose its mouth as it formerly was. The cave is dug close to the shore in a calcareous marl, which hardens on exposure to the air. It is about eight feet high and sixteen by twelve in size. Just to the right of its entrance there is an opening leading into another but smaller room. Tradition says it was used by Lord CORNWALLIS as a council-room, and that it was formerly lined with green baize. Others say a house formerly stood at the entrance of the cave, and that it was used as a secret store-house for smugglers. It is now lined with a dark greenish cryptogamous growth, rough and very adherent, which may be the only green baize it ever boasted. However apocryphal the traditions of the cave may be, we will not attempt to dispel their influence. This is a very utilitarian and iconoclastic age and people, and we ought to have a cave or so left us, even if we have to create one from the recesses of our imagination. This cave has certainly been in existence a hundred years, and the name of CORNWALLIS has been so long associated with it as to bar any other by the act of limitation. Just above the bluff where the cave is, stands the old NELSON burying-ground. Several ancient carved tombs yet remain belonging to the family. East of Yorktown is the National Cemetery, constructed since the late war. Here a large number of Union soldiers appropriately sleep within a few feet of the spot where was consummated, in fact, the independence of this country, and where legality was given to the act of July 4, 1776.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

Two grammarians were wrangling the other day, one contending that it was only proper to say, "My wages is high," while the other noisily insisted that the correct thing was, "My wages are high." Finally they stopped a day-laborer, and submitted the question to him. "Which do you say, 'Your wages is high,' or, 'Your wages are high'?" "Oh, off wid yer nonsense!" he said, resuming his pick, "yer naythur ov ye right; me wages is low, bad luck to 'em."

"Are you a professor of religion, my little fellow?" asked a lady of her pastor's six-year-old boy recently. "No, ma'am," was the little boy's prompt response; "I'm only the professor's son."

Yakoob Khan is a very nice man,
And his friendship may not be a plant;
But Yakoob Khan, though a very nice man,
Must now be called Yakoob Can't.

"Have you any perfume in colors?" asked the young lady, smiling sweetly on the druggist's clerk. "Yes, miss; we have some in blue and green." "None in red?" she asked. "No, miss." "Then you have a poor assortment," she said. "Yes, very poor; we haven't a red scent."

A man out West has sued a newspaper for libel, because it said he killed a man. The newspaper wants to compromise, and advises him to make the report true by killing somebody. He has accepted the advice, and is hunting around for the editor.

A young man in Nebraska sent an offer of marriage to a girl whom he fancied, and in reply received a telegram: "Come on with your minister."

"Sympathize with *me!*" exclaimed a merchant who had failed. "Regret *my* embarrassment! You'd better sympathize with my creditors, and mourn over *their* embarrassment."

The man who fell off the fence into the brambles was much nettled by the occurrence. "We hope thistle be appreciated," says a punster.

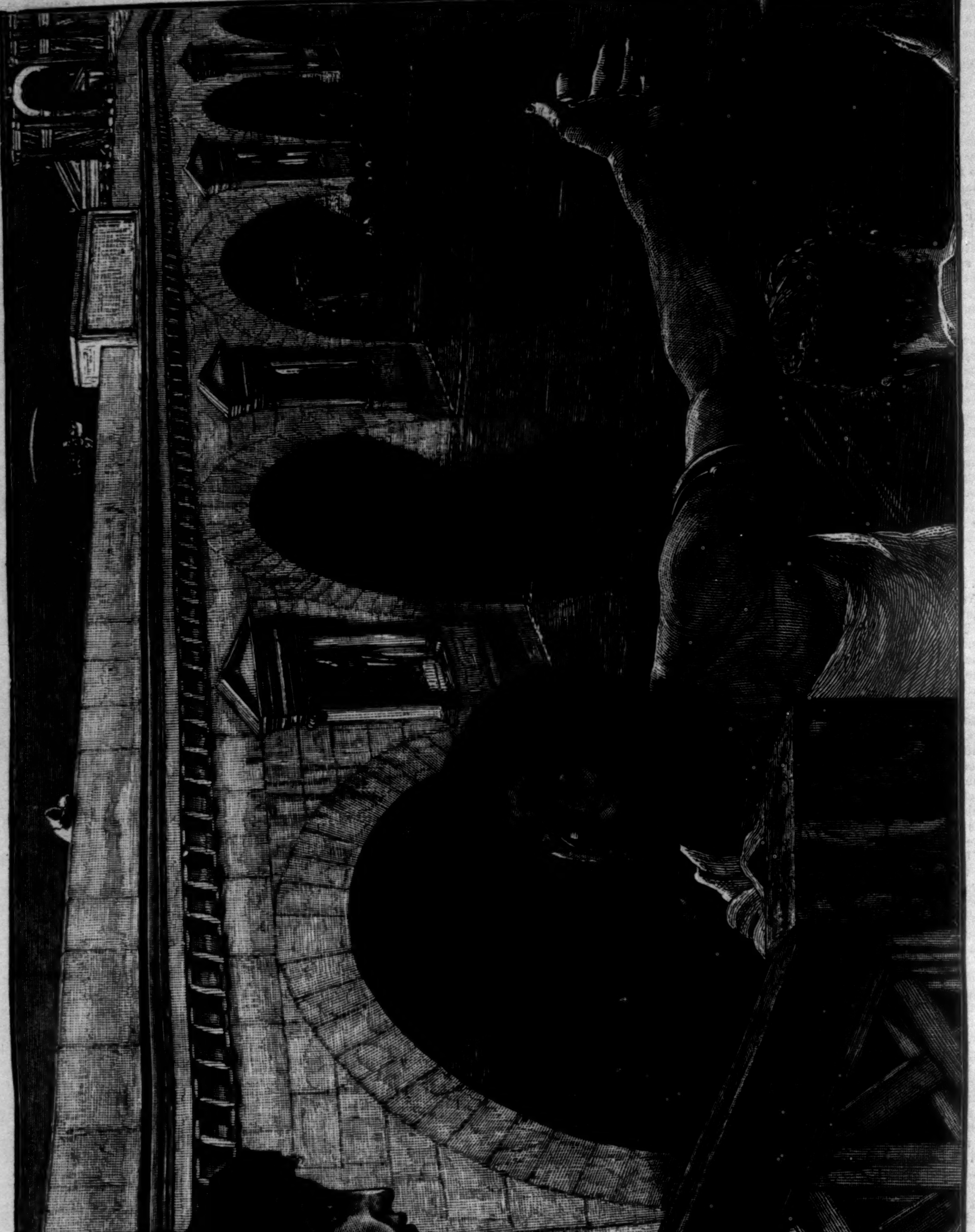
"I think it's time to be going," said young Skinner, after boring his betrothed till a late hour one night. "Yes," said she, "this is a go-as-you-please match."

A FACT.—You may meet with twenty men in the day who stutter, but you never heard of a woman who had an impediment in her speech.

"No," said the Texas lawyer, as he placed a couple of loaded Derringers on the table before him, "the fact that the witness is a desperate man will not deter me from asking him such questions as I may deem proper."

The charge against the prisoner was larceny, and he had made a desperate effort to prove an alibi. One of his neighbors was called to the stand to bear witness to the worth of the prisoner's word. "What," asked the judge (it was in Arkansas), "is the prisoner's reputation for veracity?" "Wa'al, middlin' fair, judge—middlin' fair," replied the witness; "he'd always hed the same wife ever since he lived in Pike, though I b'leeve he did have a couple over in Tennessee last winter, but—" And then the Court kept him quiet long enough to explain to him just what they were talking about.

MICHAEL SULLIVAN, alias Black Jack, was then conveyed to the Tombs, securely handcuffed to Officer SMART, of the Forty-ninth Precinct.—*Morning Paper.*



"DOWN TO THE RIVER."—FROM THE PICTURE BY ALMA TADEMA, R. A.

"DOWN TO THE RIVER."

THE painting of which we give an engraving is one of the most important of the works of ALMA TADEMA. Like many of the recent works of distinguished European artists, it has been purchased by an American, to grace a New York gallery already rich in masterpieces of art. The original is about five feet in length by three in height. The scene is laid in Rome—not the modern city, but in that of olden time. There is a stretch of blue-green water, and a long bridge, whose wide arches cast cool reflections on the river. A barge with bright-striped hangings is just shooting out from under the bridge into the clear sunshine.

Coming down the bridge stairs, looking for a boat, advances a Roman lady, a girl, and little child, seen in but half-figures. The lady's dark face and dark eyes are shaded by a mantle of deep olive-green; she holds gently but firmly the hand of the fair-haired, blue-eyed boy, whose only thought is of the coming journey on the river; the girl behind restrains his eagerness with a detaining hand of caution. Looking up at them, and facing the beholder, stand two boatmen, each advocating the superior claims of his individual boat—one, black, flat-nosed, and with woolly locks just turned to gray, pleads more with eyes than words; the other, tawny-skinned, with rich brown locks, red lips, and dark melancholy eyes, throws out a finely formed arm almost in command, while his handsome face entreats.

Standing lower still upon the stairway, so low that all one sees of her is a shapely white hand clasping the railing, and the back of a beautiful red-gold head, over whose tresses the sun is casting a perfect glory, waits another lady. "It was of this same golden-haired lady," says the London correspondent of the New York *Times*, "that MR. TADEMA'S little daughter said, 'Ah, papa, I must just tickle her neck where the little curls fall down; I must see what she will do.' 'No, no,' cried ALMA TADEMA, 'you must not; for then she will turn about to look at you, and so spoil my picture!'" Crossing the bridge come three horses, brightly decked out in glittering harness. "Do you see them?" said the artist to the same correspondent; "can you not hear them? Trot-trot, trot-trot! See, they are advancing. The two brown ones went so from the first, but my black horse, oh no; he was very bad. I made him three times before he would trot at all, and now he is a little lazy, is he not?"

There was great divergence of opinion in regard to the merits of this picture when it was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London; but the general verdict was that it was one of the artist's most successful compositions.

THE DUTCH AND THEIR WAYS.

WE Americans, with our limitless expanse of country, and room to spread ourselves in every direction, can not but wonder at the ingenuity of the Dutch, who make so much of the tiny strip of soil they have, so to speak, wrested from the sea, and who set up housekeeping on a watery basis with the same satisfaction that we do on land. In Holland many a young couple marry with no other stock in trade, no other worldly goods, than a small barge furnished with various kinds of articles, which they sell by the canal-side. They might be called floating gypsies, for they do by water very much as the true gypsy does by land. It is a peculiar place in Holland which can not be reached by canal, and these aquatic people go from one part of the country to the other, backward and forward, round about, leading a free, merry, jovial kind of life, doing harm to no man, and often laying up in a stocking foot a goodly number of golden guldens against the time to come—the time when the young birds in the watery nest will want to fly away on their own account, and the old ones will need to take it somewhat more easily as the burden of life and age grows heavier.

The lady who, on returning from a visit to Europe, remarked that she did not see much of Venice, as there was an inundation at the time, and the streets were covered with water, might almost have made the same sapient observation in regard to the cities of Holland. So constantly are they intersected by canals that communication has to be kept up by means of draw-bridges. Some of these are ingeniously contrived, while others are more clumsily constructed, with great beams of wood suspended overhead, to which chains are attached. When a barge is ready to go through, the keeper, by means of these chains, pulls the beams into a perpendicular position, and up goes the bridge. Then he swings a long rod over the side, to which is attached a long piece of string and a small leather cup at the end. The man or woman in the barge puts the money into the cup, it is swung up again, the barge passes through, the bridge is let down, and the accumulated crowd rushes onward. Most of the barges are painted in brilliant colors, and add to the liveliness of the scene. The great canal, completed a few years ago, between Amsterdam and the North Sea, is a remarkable undertaking of the kind. It is about 15 miles long, and varies in width from 65 to 110 yards, and is from 22 to 26 feet deep. The three gates which protect the west entrance of the canal from the inroads of the sea are, one of them, 24 yards wide, and the others 12 yards each.

One of our engravings relates to the all-im-

ALONG A DUTCH CANAL—WASHING TUBS IN THE CANAL.

portant business of taking care of the cows and reaping their harvest of milk in this wet land of Holland. Dutch milk and Dutch butter, as every traveller in this part of the world knows, are articles that call for the greatest enthusiasm. One traveller tells us: "If I attempted to sing the praises of the butter as they ought to be sung, all the cows and all the dairy-maids in Holland would be coming up to do homage before me. The kine would be easily disposed of; but the maidens, with their pretty faces and bright eyes, would prove a more dangerous embarrassment of riches." Milk pans and milk pails are quite a feature of Holland. Neat as are our own Yankee milk-maids, these useful utensils never shine here quite as they do among the Dutch, where they are so bright and polished that they reflect everything like a mirror. If one happens to pass a field during milking-time, there are usually to be seen rows of brass jars of classical form, with long narrow necks. A woman will be milking into a wooden bucket, white almost as the milk itself. Then a wide-mouthed funnel is inserted into the neck of the brass jar, the milk is poured in, and away go the women, one after another, with their yokes and their jars and the pails. In spite of the predilection that the Dutch have for stronger beverages, we learn from the following story, told by CHARLES W. WOOD in his *Through Holland*, that on imperative occasions milk may be had by the glass.

"Immediately opposite this announcement we alighted upon another: 'Melk te koop.'

"'Ah!' said A., 'I am rapidly improving in my Dutch. Any one can see at a glance what that means: "Milk from the cow."'

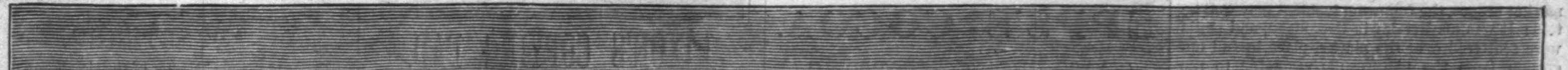
"'Wrong again, Sir,' laughed the old guide. 'It means, "Milk to sell."'

"'Does it?' returned A. 'Then I am a customer.' He darted into the doorway, and a fresh, good-looking woman came forward. She quickly understood that he wanted a glass of milk, then a second, then a third, until, alarmed, I stopped a further supply.

"'Never tasted such milk,' said A. 'Should like to go on drinking until to-morrow morning.'

"The woman stood, her arms akimbo, the picture of astonished admiration at an Englishman's capacity for drinking milk."

A.'s delight over the milk extended itself to the utensils that held it, for, later on, his friend tells us: "They excited A.'s enthusiasm to the last de-



ALONG A DUTCH CANAL—BRINGING MILK FROM THE PASTURE.

gree. In fact, more than with all else in Holland, he fell in love with the brooms and the jars and the water pails. With the utmost difficulty I dissuaded him from buying a round dozen of each, and bringing them home as a present to the domestic regions of his establishment."

One of the first things to strike a stranger as he walks through a Dutch city is the peculiar and contradictory aspect of the houses, and the quaintness of their outline. But the contradictory and disappointing element is that, whilst the outlines of the houses carry you so far back in the world's history, their faces and fronts are but of yesterday. The Dutch have a mania for painting, but they appear to possess very little talent for blending colors harmoniously. Every year, or at the most two years, the houses, one and all, are painted in all parts. The window-sashes, perhaps, are picked out white, the doors green, the remainder of the wood-work red, brown, or blue—all colors chosen at the fancy of the occupant or painter. Nothing escapes. In this way their most ancient edifices are ruthlessly destroyed. Even their churches escape not. You suddenly come upon a magnificent pulpit, wonderfully carved, centuries old, utterly ruined by being daubed over with thick coatings of coarse paint. Nevertheless, the general aspect of the streets is picturesque, lively, and interesting, especially on a bright moonlight night. Then the outlines of the houses come out in bold relief, the freshness of their faces is concealed in gloom, weird lights and shadows are thrown in all directions, and one may fancy one's self verily in a city of the past. Undoubtedly Holland is seen at its best with the moon upon it.

That Holland is a picturesque land, and the Dutch a picturesque people, is proven by the fact that it has produced such a number of painters who have sought no other inspiration than that of home subjects. Take, for instance, a Dutch market scene at night, of which so many have been transferred to canvas. What can be more picturesque, and bewildering to one not accustomed to it? Occasionally it seems as though, had all the madmen in Bedlam turned out in a body, set up stall-keeping, and shouted at the top of their voices, they could scarcely produce a noise greater or more maniacal. Booths and stalls are usually erected in every part of the market-place, and every vender clamors and brawls, praising up his wares above those of his neighbor. From most of the booths lighted flambeaux flare and smoke and throw lurid and ghastly gleams upon the surrounding customers, so that here a grinning face all eyes and mouth, pleased at a supposed bargain, and there a dark face all frown and forehead, at having missed its purchase, look positively fiendish. There are old-book stalls, fruit stalls, brass and copper stalls, stalls of every description. But the only beautiful ones—and really beautiful they are—are the vegetable stalls. These are most picturesquely and artistically arranged, as the reader may have seen them in Italy and other Southern atmospheres: as they are never seen in our own prosaic clime. Only they who have noted them can realize that a vegetable stall affords scope for the display of skill and taste, and can be made to look in its way as beautiful, as satisfying to the eye, as a stall of rare and cultivated flowers. While upon the subject of Dutch market scenes, the following incident may well be told:—It was market-day in Groningen, and stalls were scattered over the market-place in full operation, from the picturesque vegetable to the necessary but by no means sweet-scented fish stalls. One man came out of a side street with a net, and bargained with a fat vrouw for a large basin of eels. The affair was at length concluded, and the eels were turned into the net, upon which the cunning fish as fast as possible slipped through the holes, scattering themselves and the people far and wide. The women screamed and affected very pretty airs of terror, and picked up their petticoats, no doubt thinking it a fine opportunity for displaying the neatest ankles in the world. The women abused the man for bringing anything so senseless as a net for carrying away eels; and the man, like a true son of Adam, retaliated by blaming the vrouw for the smallness of her fish.

A fair, perhaps, is even better than a market scene to the visitor who desires to study Dutch characteristics. When one is under way in any of the larger cities, persons of all kinds flock to it, and their costumes are oftentimes very extraordinary. A Dutch vrouw will occasionally wear beneath a lace or net cap a gold or silver shield completely covering the head like an outer skull, so that not a particle of hair is visible. The effect is peculiar, but not sightly, so that the younger women rebel against the custom, and wisely refuse to conceal so great a portion of their beauty. This remarkable head-gear looks infinitely worse when, as in some instances, the women endeavor to effect a compromise, and upon their gold skulls and caps perch a new-fashioned hat or bonnet all feathers and flying streamers. Nothing can look more ridiculously out of place. Their own national costume gives them a picturesque aspect and distinctive character, even where the ornaments possess no particular beauty; but when new fashions are introduced upon them, the women become as irritating as the aspect of the houses: they are neither one thing nor another.

The cleanliness of the Dutch has passed into a proverb. Not satisfied with periodical paintings and whitewashings, they constantly cleanse the outsides of their houses with machines that somewhat resemble the hose of our fire-engines. Streets, pavements, gutters, pedestrians, all come in for a share of this watery mania. However, if it be a good quality carried to excess, it is a good one still. Better this than the opposite, as many a traveller going through Hungary, for instance, or Turkey, has found to his cost. In Holland one is safe from all uncleanliness, whether he sojourn in a rural district, or in Amsterdam.

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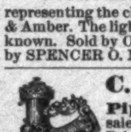

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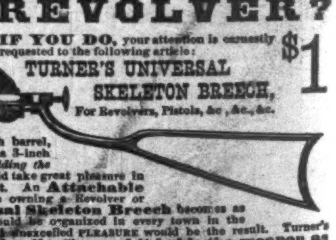

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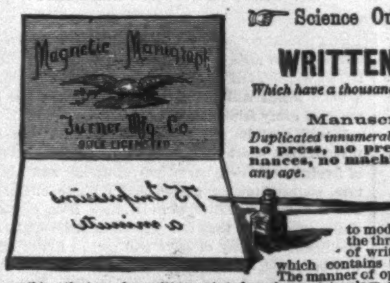

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